





DOGS OF ALL NATIONS.

IN PROSE AND RHYME.

BY

CONRAD J. MILLER.

ILLUSTRATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

This collection of stories and doggerel grew naturally out of a child's demand for more, and still more stories about dogs.

Forced to go outside his own range of facts and imagination for material to satisfy this small person's insatiable desire for "something you never told me before," the writer was surprised to find how many people are ready to vouch for the truth of remarkable stories about dogs. He saw, moreover, that the honesty and fidelity of dogs could be used to "point a moral and adorn a tale," calculated to instill kindness into the heart, without arousing the usual indignant protest against the story with a moral attached.

Beginning with an audience of one, he soon found that other children of bigger growth, were just as interested in the doings of dogs as she, which is his reason for publishing these tales, as they were first told, on the spur of the moment, in prose and rhyme.

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DOGS OF ALL NATIONS

IN PROSE AND RHYME.

I.

DOG RIGHTS.

When we respect the rights of our animal friends
We have taken a step towards making amends,
For wrongs they have borne in all ages and lands
From civilized as well as from savage hands.
They are dumb creatures and cannot tell
When they suffer pain or on sorrows dwell,

We should study their natures so we could know
How to relieve their wants and banish their foes,
And for their rights all be of one mind
For the same God who made them, fashioned mankind.

We shall **never** know till the Judgment Day,
That dogs haven't souls and do not pray.
What creature, man, or beast has more faithfulness shown?
History of all ages does not tell us of one.
When we think of the dogs that have suffered cruel woes
We envy not the ones who inflicted the blows,
For a reckoning day is coming and heaven will not be home
To mean, brutal natures; they will elsewhere have to roam.

II.

BARRY.

In the National Museum at Berne,
Is a dog as he looked in his prime;
From him a great lesson we learn,
They tell it in prose and in rhyme:
What gives him eternal renown,
Is a story that lives for all time—
He saved forty lives that illumine his crown,
And leaves a memory forever sublime.

Following is a picture of the noblest and most illustrious dog of which history has made any record. He belonged to the Hospice on the great St. Bernard mountain in Switzerland, and his occupation was to search for lost mountain climbers, which he did with fidelity and courage. For twelve years his life was devoted to facing

blinding snowstorms, climbing up mountain steeps, venturing along dangerous precipices and across treacherous glaciers, and as a result of his untiring work for unfortunate men he has to his credit the saving of more than forty lives.

Perhaps all of the readers of this book are not familiar with the object of the Hospice on the St. Bernard. It was established hundreds of years ago for the purpose of giving shelter, food, and medical treatment to unfortu-



nate travellers who lose their bearings or meet with misfortune such as mountain climbers are liable to experience. All persons, without regard to religion or nationality, are hospitably received and cared for, no charge being made—one can give what he wishes, or nothing; but nearly everyone who is entertained there drops something when leaving, into a box placed at the door.

The dogs belonging to the Hospice are taught to search the mountains for lost ones, and when tourists have lost

their way or been caught in a snowstorm or perhaps fallen down a precipice or been carried down by sliding glaciers, these dogs are sent out to hunt for the men, and they seek high and low for them. The dogs carry a little barrel and blankets, of which mention will be made in other chapters.

Of all the dogs that have belonged to the St. Bernard Institution, none have achieved so much fame as Barry. It is said of him, when a snowstorm came up, he displayed the greatest anxiety, seeming to know that if there were any men in the mountains, search must be made for them, as they were in danger of losing their lives, and he would start off immediately and run all night, or until he found them, returning sometimes in such an exhausted condition as to fall over fainting.

After twelve years of labor for humanity, he died, causing deep sorrow among the noble band of monks with whom Barry was associated in a labor of love. Those having charge of the Hospice of St. Bernard decided to perpetuate the faithful dog's memory in some way that he would not soon be forgotten. They gave his body into the hands of a taxidermist to use his best skill to preserve him. This was done so well that he looks just as he did in life, and they wished him placed in the National Museum of Switzerland, where he could be seen for generations to come. There in Berne, the capital of the Swiss confederation, in the Museum, in a glass case, is Barry, to be seen by everyone who visits the Museum. He has the appearance of a creature of great humility and simplicity—a trait that belongs to large souls.

What a beautiful spirit animated the self-sacrificing men in wishing a dumb brute immortalized; not caring about monuments for themselves, or what posterity might think of them.

They published a sketch of Barry's career, which we re-

produce, just as it was printed nearly a hundred years ago.

Barry was born in 1800 and died in 1814.

As the writer stood at the glass case in the museum at Berne, thinking of the marvellous intelligence of this extraordinary animal, his high and noble instincts, a gentleman standing near, also contemplating the virtues of the wonderful dog, remarked, "What an expressive physiognomy! Splendid creature! I lift my hat to his memory, a thing I wouldn't do at the Tomb of Napoleon, whose genius and powers were employed in destroying human life, while the dog's whole existence was devoted to saving life."

Since the above was written, the writer heard the following story, one of Barry's most creditable achievements.

He found a child ten years old lying in the snow under the influence of the fatal sleep that precedes death. The dog warmed the child with its breath and roused it from sleep by licking it. This much accomplished, Barry by lying down at its side gave the child an obvious invitation to get on and ride. The child did so, and was carried by Barry to the Hospice.

In further remembrance of their faithful friend, it is the custom of the monks of the Hospice to always name one of their dogs "Barry."

SKETCH OF BARRY.

On the highest point of the Mountain Pass that leaves Martigny in the Valley of the Rhone across the Great Bernard into Italy—there stands in a dreary solitude, shut in by wild rugged mountains covered with eternal snow, the most elevated dwelling place in the Old World—the Hospice of St. Bernard. Ten or twelve monks reside here in the midst of the most complete wilderness, where winter reigns eight or nine months, where the thermometer marks

during January and February 20° or 22° below zero, and where even during the hottest summer days, the water is frozen every morning—one enjoys scarcely twenty pleasant bright days during the year. These monks do not pass their lives in useless meditations, but devote themselves entirely to suffering mankind. Without the help of these worthy men that fulfil the duties of their order with praiseworthy devotion, the road across these wild mountains could not be used more than two months, and only during the hot summer days, and few travellers would escape the awful dangers encountered on the way. The Hospice offers to everyone a refuge, with kindly help and care.

The brave monks are especially busy in winter time, when they go forth to seek and rescue the lost wanderer. Thundering avalanches, deep snowdrifts, dense fogs and tempests do not hinder them from going in all directions and using every means of finding the lost ones. Every year many lives are saved through their endeavors.

Specially trained dogs accompany the monks, or are sent out alone to search for those in danger. So soon as the dog has found the traces of a lost wanderer, he returns to his master and makes him understand his discovery by every possible form of excitement, running backwards and forwards and showing him the way to the half frozen body. Very often the dogs carry a basket tied to their necks with food and strengthening cordial, and the exhausted traveller is able to refresh himself and follow the dog to the Hospice—such a dog was Barry. Twelve long years was he ably and faithfully devoted to his calling; he alone saved more than forty lives. His zeal was extraordinary. So soon as the sky was darkened with clouds, and the fogs arose from the valleys, and the terrible snowstorm drew near, nothing could keep him back. He would run to the most danger-

ous part of the road, trying to find those in need of help, and if the effort was beyond his strength he bounded back to fetch assistance. When this noble and faithful animal became old and helpless, the worthy Prior sent it to Berne, requesting that the dog should be stuffed after his death and exhibited in the museum. The tender hearted man wrote: "It is pleasant to me and a consolation to know that this faithful dog who saved so many lives should not be soon forgotten after his death."

III.

GREY FRIARS' BOBBY.

When visiting the fine old city of Edinburgh all lovers of dogs will find their way to Grey Friars' churchyard, where, just outside the gate, a drinking fountain stands as a memorial of canine devotion and fidelity. The fountain is surmounted by the statue of a little dog, and the inscription below tells who he was and why he is worthy to be long remembered.

The story of Grey Friars' Bobby is this: One day a pauper's funeral took place at Grey Friars' churchyard. The poor man's only mourner was a little dog, who insisted on closely following the coffin. When the funeral was over, the dog curled himself down on the grave and passed the night there. He continued to do this night after night, wandering about the neighborhood in the daytime. The people in the vicinity began to notice him, and, feeling a natural pity for the poor lonely little animal, one or another would give him food, and gradually Grey Friars' Bobby, as they began to call him, became

a favorite in the neighborhood. His new friends, however, could never coax him to spend the night in their houses, no matter how cold or how rainy the weather



(and we all know how much it can rain in Edinburgh). As night came on he would creep to his master's grave and take his rest on the spot of earth most dear to him.

Some years after a law was made that all the dogs in Edinburgh were to be licensed, and a sad day it was for the dog without any master to pay his tax. As Grey Friars' Bobby had no owner who would pay for him, he must pay the forfeit with his life. No, the faithful little dog was not so to perish. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh having heard the story of his remarkable fidelity, sent him a leather collar with a metal band with these words: "Grey Friars' Bobby, from the Lord Provost. Licensed forever."

So he continued to live in the neighborhood in safety with his perpetual license around his neck. It was thirteen years after his master's death before his faithful little heart ceased to beat, and every night had been spent upon that master's grave.

He was buried in the churchyard and blossoming plants mark his grave. By applying to the sexton one may still be shown the worn leather collar with its interesting inscription. It was the Baroness Burdett Coutts who caused the memorial fountain to be erected to Grey Friars' Bobby.

IV.

GRACE.

'Twas on one of Switzerland's high mountains,
That five tourists spent a night;
They had climbed its rugged wall, and the summit gleamed
in sight,
When a snowstorm, fierce and furious, covered path and
left no trace—
But a mountain white, and a wide, wide space.

The Tourists slept in a bed of snow,
And waited the coming of the morning glow.

When looking far down near the mountain base,
They saw approaching the good dog Grace.

He was blazing his way up the Alpine steep,
Sometimes he'd jump, and at other times creep;

He was fetching blankets to protect them from storm,
And a barrel of cordial to make them warm.



In the month of June, not many years ago, five men started up one of the high mountains in Switzerland. They consumed about six hours in reaching nearly to the top, and just as the last rocky ridge was climbed over, a violent snowstorm began and soon the path they used was lost in the snow, and it was impossible for them to start down the mountain, as there was nothing to guide them. Scaling the mountain was difficult under the most

favorable conditions. There were many very narrow ledges where they had to creep along, and where one false step would have meant death. Here they were and here they must remain until the storm ceased. Night came on, the storm continued, the snow fell fast. They had only brought a luncheon, as they expected to return for dinner to the hotel from which they started in the morning. The food was eaten and it was already dark. Then, wrapping themselves up in the rugs they took with them for an emergency, they laid down in a bed of snow, not knowing what the morning would bring forth.

The hotel had a dog educated to search for lost mountain climbers, and early in the morning he was sent out to hunt for the men who did not return as they were expected to do the night before. The dog's name was Grace; it was given him because he had been the saving grace of many who would have perished in snowdrifts or who had lost their bearings. As it did not snow in the valley or at the base of the mountains, he could easily trace the men to the trail they climbed. He started up just as the sun flashed its first rays upon the mountain, majestic in its mantle of ermine. The dog carried a little barrel containing cordial or Benedictine, which would warm the men. It was fastened to a collar about his neck; besides blankets were fastened round his body for their use. The men were on their feet with the first streaks of morning light, although nearly frozen stiff and almost starved. They were paid for the discomforts endured in the sublime sight of the sunrise. The scene was grand and incomparable. Looking down in the direction by which they ascended, they saw Grace working his way up the mountain side. The barrel and the blankets changed his form so much that it was hard to tell what it was. The men were cheered, because they believed it meant relief for them.

They watched the old dog as he was slowly making the ascent of the stone wall with its savage-looking crags and dangerous ledges; sometimes he would be lost to view when creeping behind a giant rock or through a cavern. When he disappeared the men would watch his reappearance with breathless anxiety, and when they saw his old head coming up like the story in mythology of Venus rising out of the sea, their joy and enthusiasm was great, and the mountain top rang with their cheers and exclamations of happiness for the good fortune of being rescued.

While they were waiting for their deliverer, though cold and hungry, they were well paid by the magnificent and thrilling scene of the dumb animal risking its life to bring them succor, marking by its tracks through the snow a path by which they could descend the mountain in safety, and the marvellous panorama in every direction, the imposing sight of towering peaks in dazzling whiteness and mountains crimsoned by the beams of the rising sun, while stretched out in the valley below were groves of fir trees and grassy meadows.

When the hero Grace arrived at the summit, the men with tears in their eyes hugged and caressed him, stroked and patted him. When he had rested a while they all started down the mountain, following the path he ascended, and after a hard and wearisome journey they reached the point from which they started.

Before they separated it was resolved to erect a monument over the dog's grave when he no longer climbs mountains in search of the lost, with the inscription upon it, "Saved by Grace," with the names of the five tourists saved.

They requested the owner of the grand old dog to notify them when his death occurred, and they would immediately arrange for the stone commemorating his noble deed in saving their lives.



V.

TWO ST. BERNARD HEROES.

Racing down the mountain to the valley of the Rhone,
To tell him that his brother was in an arctic zone,
And to save him from a worse than horrible fate,
He would have to come very quickly, or it would be too
late.

This is one of the most interesting and beautiful stories of dog intelligence that has ever been recorded in the annals of time to the credit of man's truest friend among all of God's dumb creatures, the dog. The writer spent a portion of the summer of 1900 very near where this thrilling and heroic act occurred.

On both sides of the Rhone Valley, in Switzerland, which begins at the upper end of Lake Geneva and extends eastward a hundred miles or more, are mountains

from a few thousand to more than ten thousand feet high. Upon the mountains are hotels and resorts for summer life. The air is cool and bracing and healthful to a high degree. By the last of September most everyone has departed, and a solitary man is left to guard a hotel all winter. The snow that begins to fall in October does not melt until the next spring. The man left to take care of the house and outbuildings has nothing to do but shovel the snow from the roofs of the buildings, as the weight of all the snow falling upon the roofs during the winter would be heavier than the timbers supporting a roof could bear. The man left in charge of one of the hotels had thrown the snow off one side of the roof to the edge. Night coming on, he went down to shovel the snow away from the side of the house so he could get about, when all at once a mountain of snow fell upon him and buried him beneath it. Having rained during the day, the snow was very heavy, and he was held against the house as if in a vise. He had two great St. Bernard dogs, his only companions for the winter. When they saw his awful predicament they went to him and pawed and scratched away at the snow, but all they could do was to get his head clear so he could breathe.

Finding that it would be impossible to extricate their master, they started off through the deep snow for the valley, five miles distant to the home of a brother of the snowbound man. When they reached the brother's house they jumped against the door and barked, their tongues hanging out from exhaustion, the result of their terrible race down the mountains and through the deep snow. When the door was opened the dogs were recognized as the brother's dogs, and were bid to enter, thinking the brother was coming, and they had just run ahead of him. They would not enter the house, but immediately

started towards the mountain, barking and looking back to see if the brother was coming. It was all so sudden he thought a moment and made up his mind there must be something wrong up the mountain. His brother might be on his way to the valley, and had perhaps met with an accident of some kind. He started off at once after the dogs. When they saw him following them they ran back and jumped about him and did all manner of things to show how glad they were for his coming to the rescue of their master, and when they came near enough for the imprisoned man to hear them they began barking as loud as they could to let him know they would soon be with him. They reached the frozen man just in time to save his life.

When the snowbound man recovered his strength and speech, he told his experience while being held against the wall; how the dogs pawed and scratched at the snow to get it away from his head, and how careful they were not to scratch him. No human being could have worked more faithfully to extricate him. The man knew when they started off for his brother that they were going after assistance.

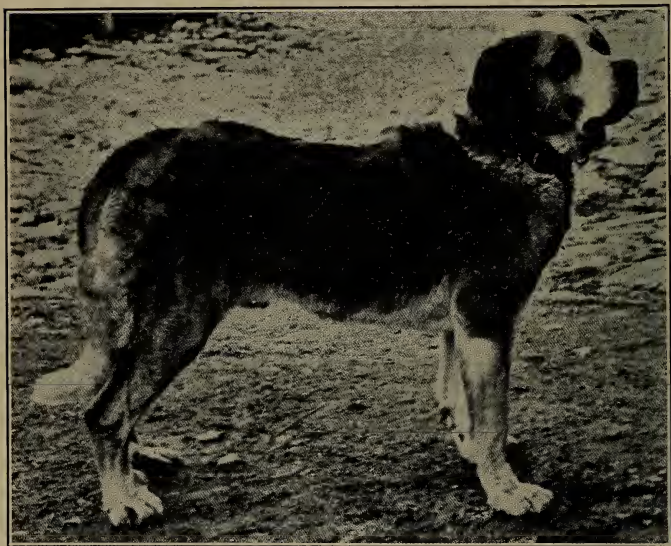
VI.

QUEEDS.

A grand old dog was Queeds,
He of the Alpine heights.
His life was full of deeds
As his memory was of sights.
His years were spent for man
In search for the travellers lost,
And always in the van,
No matter what the cost.

He climbed to mountain peaks
And crawled into chasms dark,
With never a thought of rest to seek
Until victory crowned his bark.

In no other country in the world have dogs won such everlasting fame as the St. Bernard dogs of Switzerland. A large number of this species are educated to carry food,



drink and blankets to lost travellers on the snowcapped mountains and gorges. When tourists go on excursions to the mountains and do not return at the time set for their coming back, dogs are sent on their trail and hunt as intelligently for them as human beings can, and they reach places where men could not go. The manner in which they carry food and blankets is described in another chapter,

The following story was told by a gentleman who, with his guide, owe their lives to the heroic action of Queeds, whose picture and name head this chapter. The gentleman, with his guide, started on a Monday morning to explore one of the mountains that make up the group which lie like sleeping giants about the great Mont Blanc. After climbing steep places and going from crag to crag till nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, often making very poor headway, they reached a ledge overlooking a deep chasm. Stepping to the edge, which looked like solid rock covered with snow, they stepped too far, and both went down. But falling on snow they were not hurt. Gathering themselves together, they looked about to see how they could get back to the place from which they fell. There seemed nothing but perpendicular walls, and how could they extricate themselves and keep from starvation and death? Perish they must, unless someone came and heard their voices and saw them down in the chasm. Hour after hour passed and night was hovering near, with no prospect of relief and only food enough to last for the day and a possibility of snowdrifts sweeping down upon them during the night. The situation was anything but cheerful. They yelled at the top of their voices until exhausted. When night settled over the dark vault-like place they were almost in despair. However, the night passed and when the first glimpse of light appeared their spirits rose. They felt that in some way their not returning from the point from which they started a search would be made for them. This was done early in the morning by a guide and the dog Queeds. The little barrel with drink to warm the men, if found, was fastened to Queeds' neck, and soon they were on their way. Knowing the direction they took, it was not difficult to get on their trail, and before noon Queeds had reached the spot where they fell,

in advance of the guide. Looking down, he saw the men, and immediately began a furious bark, making the gorge echo with sounds of his voice. This gave the men heart. They knew their awful position would become known and relief be given. The guide heard Queeds' bark, and in a short time arrived at the place and with a rope pulled the unfortunate men up.

VII.

FAITHFUL NED.

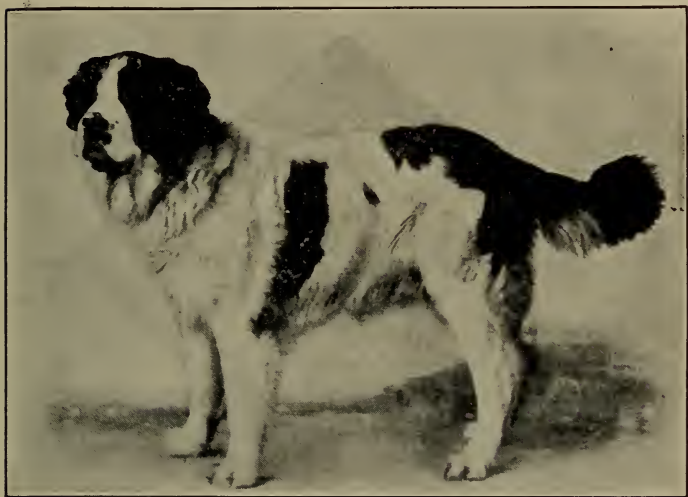
Faithful Ned, the serious, as true as a granite rock. He was born in the Mohawk Valley and came of purest stock.

His carriage was that of a monarch with a head like the head of a sage.

He was greatest among the great and would have been so in any age.

Faithful Ned had a master who met with a terrible accident when eight years old. He was run over by an electric tram and lost his right leg. He ran around a corner, reaching the middle of the track, just in front of an approaching car. The car was so near that it could not be stopped in time to avert the accident. The boy's name was Ferry Morton. He had been warned to stop at corners before crossing, to see if there was a car near. When the misfortune occurred, Ned was with Ferry and barked at the car when he saw his young master running into danger, but Ferry did not heed Ned's barking or perhaps did not realize what it meant. Ferry's misfortune com-

pelled him to stay in the house for many months, and when the stump of his leg healed enough so he could leave his bed, crutches were procured for him, and in a little while he could get along as well as others who have only one leg. When Ferry went out Ned never left him. If Ferry accidentally dropped a crutch, Ned would pick it up and hold it as high as he could so Ferry would not have



to stoop to grasp it. Sometimes Ferry would be near a car when Ned would growl and bark at the car in a way to show how he hated it, because one had run down his master and maimed him for life. If Ferry was going in the direction of a car, Ned would get in front of him and stand like a wall to keep him from going on. Ned was a large dog. Often Ferry would rest his right hand upon his back and removing his crutch lean his weight on Ned for support. This always pleased Ned. He would wag his tail and blink his eyes most joyfully.

This sad affliction that befell Ferry should be a lesson to all boys. They should look ahead always, and be sure there are no cars coming when crossing a street. More accidents and sorrow have come to mankind through carelessness than anything else in human experience. The word think should be imbedded deep in the minds of every boy and girl. It would save them from endless troubles.

Ned was a dog who thought. Many of his acts prove it. One day Ferry was walking along a country road and saw a beetle lying on its back and trying to get on its feet. Ned saw it first, stopped and began barking to arrest Ferry's attention. He moved the beetle with his paw first to one side, then to the other, until he got the beetle on his feet. Ferry then took it and carried it to a field by the roadside where it would be out of danger of being crushed by horses' feet, or run over by the wheels of vehicles. What could be finer in dog nature or human nature than this act? It was a great kindness to a living creature placed on the earth for some purpose. If the beetle could have spoken it would have thanked Ned for being so good.

Ned was a St. Bernard, black, white and yellow. He had a black spot on white on his left side, the shape of a four-leaf clover, and one on his back, the shape of an oak leaf; the middle of his tail was white to the extent of six inches. At a distance his tail looked as if disconnected, giving him a very odd appearance. He was a dog of much dignity, and his movements were those of a creature of high character. He was never known to go about with his head down and tail between his legs, like dogs of a mongrel type and common breed.



VIII.

PATHETIC STORY OF A SHEPHERD DOG.

The story of a faithful dog that will live longer than
bronze or stone.

He saved the life of a shepherd lad at the sacrifice of his
own.

A young shepherd-boy, fourteen years of age, was in the habit of taking his master's sheep to graze, and returning with them in the evening. The boy accompanied by his dog went out during all kinds of weather. The last time he went out with the flock, a heavy frost lay upon the earth and snow was falling, and the boy and his charge did not return in the evening. His master

thought that the young shepherd lad had taken shelter with his flock somewhere, and would return the next day. The snow continued to fall and the boy did not return. Search was made and after a long walk over hill and vale, they came upon the flock. The boy was lying under a hedge almost frozen to death. The dog was moaning piteously and licking and warming his face and hands most frantically, and the sheep had gathered in a corner and were looking on in utter amazement. It is said that when the searching party arrived, the shepherd dog was almost frantic with joy. It barked, it leaped and capered round the lad with a joy that only dogs are capable of showing. The poor boy was carried home, where it was found that his feet were so badly frost-bitten, that they had to be amputated. When the men started for home with the boy, the dog rallied the sheep and started with them for its master's home, and when they were safely inside of the sheepfold, he was so exhausted from the strain he had passed through and the anxiety over the sheep-tender, that fell at the very entrance to the fold, and died in the performance of his duty.



IX.

SHADRACK.

THE STORY OF SHADRACK FROM THE TIME HE WAS A PUPPY.

Shadrack was a hero, and honored by all men,
For leading his drunken master away from the liquor den.

In a village in England lived a man by the name of John Bog. Had the name been John Hog, it would have suited his nature better, for he was a drunkard, and would lie in the gutter just like a hog. One day he left his house and went to a strip of woods in the outskirts of the village. He lay down under a tree and drank a bottle of whiskey which he took from his pocket. He was in the shade, and it was comfortable and pleasant.

Turning his face upward towards the sky, he went to

sleep. In a little while the earth, in the course of its daily journey, brought the sleeper into the sunlight, and it shone full in his face. It was mid-summer, and very hot; but he lay there, unconscious of the heat and of the whiskey which oozed from his pores like the sweat from those of a galley-slave. A lost puppy crawled to his face, touched his cheek with the tip of his nose and drew back from fear. The man did not stir, and doggie again touched him. This time the contact was agreeable. As there was no resistance, he inhaled the fumes of liquor that oozed from Bog's pores. It was a delight. He rubbed his nose over the face, licked the perspiration that was drawn out by the burning rays of the sun, and in a little while he felt very much as Bogs did. He became drowsy, and said to himself, "I will lie down here; it is so delightful." He laid his nose against the man's cheek, stretched one fore-leg across his forehead and the other across his neck, leaving the nose and mouth free for breathing. When he was settled in this position they formed a picture of contented companionship. Bog's face was soft from drink and hot from the sun. To lie upon it was Paradise to doggie; he looked as if he would like to rest there and never be disturbed. The branches of overhanging trees, the singing of the birds, the hazy atmosphere over the marshlands in the distance, all combined to make the picture one of peculiar interest—a subject for a painter. Passers-by noticed this touch of human and animal contentment and smiled.

When John Bog awoke, after hours of stupor and sleep, he felt something against his face which he tried to brush away. Opening his eyes, he saw what it was, and, picking up his stick, struck the puppy that had licked and caressed him. Bog then got up, staggered towards the village and home. It was evening; the sun had gone

down behind the western hills; and when he reached home it was dark. When he awoke next morning he was sober, and his experience with the little dog had gone from his thought. He opened the door and there stood the same roly-poly puppy wagging his stumpy tail and looking up into his face with an appealing expression. Doggie has formed an attachment for John Bog and craved his recognition, even though he had been a victim of his blows. Bog thought a moment, and decided it was the same little dog he found lying against his face the previous day while he was in a drunken stupor. He said to himself, "Because of my degrading habits, I have no friends among my fellow-men; and as this puppy seems to be without a home, I will make a friend of him and let him stay here." So he brought him food and milk. How doggie did eat, and how thankful he was! He showed his delight in all manner of dog ways. He had forgotten the cruelty of his new master, as dogs have a way of doing. Ill treat a dog as you may, and he will love you still. It is a remarkable trait of dog-nature. The puppy had reddish-brown hair, large lippy ears, and beautiful liquid eyes, expressing great amiability. He had in his composition what would make friends for him among those who had no special love for dogs, and to persons fond of dogs he was attractive in the extreme.

When the puppy was a little older his master named him Shadrack. There was no reason, that anyone knew, why his master should call him by this name. From the morning John Bog saw him at his door they were constant companions. When Bog was sober he treated Shadrack well enough, but when intoxicated the evil in his nature controlled his actions and made them cruel. At such times he would hit a dumb brute of any species

from pure viciousness, not because it was in his way or had done anything to interfere with his comfort.

On a Sunday when people were returning from church, John Bog was drunk and became very boisterous, for which offense he was arrested and sent to prison for thirty days. This was a great trial for Shadrack. To be deprived of his master's companionship was almost too much for him to bear. When the officer took him to the prison and opened the door and led him in, Shadrack wished to go in, but the door was closed against him. Poor Shadrack could not understand why he should be denied the privilege of being with his master. Shadrack waited outside for him till night came on. He then began to moan and howl, which he kept up until morning. The prison keeper did all manner of things to drive him away, but could not. He would make a move towards him as if he intended striking him. Shadrack would leave the door, but the moment the keeper left the door, Shadrack would return and look in the keyhole to see if he could get a glimpse of his beastly master. The keeper was touched by such devotion to an unworthy object, and during Bog's imprisonment fed him regularly every day. When Bog had served about three-quarters of his sentence, the keeper tied a rope around Shadrack's neck and led him into the cell where his master was, and the two had a love feast for a half-hour. Bog was overjoyed at seeing his dog and Shadrack could hardly restrain himself from biting his master, out of pure pleasure at seeing the creature who meant so much to him.

Not far from Bog's house there was a liquor saloon, where he went nearly every morning to get his bottle filled. When Shadrack was a year old, he seemed to have studied his master's habits, and to have intelligence enough

to know that when his master went there and got his bottle filled he always got drunk, and that this never failed to make him very cruel and bad. Shadrack also noticed the days on which his master was not drunk. He was much kinder and more companionable. So one day when Bog started for the saloon, Shadrack walked at his side, and when they reached the place he caught hold of his master's trousers and held him back, so that he could not get that which made him a fiend while under its influence. John Bog tried to loosen the dog's grasp. He kicked Shadrack, but could not drive him off. Presently some of Bog's neighbors came along and saw the man and the dog pulling in different directions, and they learned that Shadrack was trying to keep his master from entering the liquor saloon. They reasoned with Bog, and tried to shame him, saying they had done all they could to turn him from his evil course, and now *even* his dog, who could not *talk*, was trying to rescue him by force. They argued that he ought to be guided by his dog, whose animal instincts, even, protested against the drinking habit. There could be no doubt about its sinfulness and terrible consequences.

John Bog had, like most human beings, a spark of the best in the human nature, which, if touched at the right time, changes a devil into an angel. He made up his mind to fight the appetite for drink, and permitted Shadrack to lead him away from the liquor den, where he had squandered a fortune and spent many hours and days in idleness and dissipation.

This act of Shadrack's adds another laurel wreath to the many that have crowned the heads of noble dogs, whose acts are as imperishable as the deeds of martyrs.

X.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM FROM THE BIBLE
STANDPOINT.

In Holy Writ it is made clear that every living creature, from man to the smallest insect, has the Creator's thought and care.

In the beginning of the Mosiac Law He commands that the seventh day, the Sabbath of the Lord, be kept as a day of rest, not for the master and his household only, but for his servants, and the ox, and the ass, and the cattle. (Deut.) In the same: Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.

In Gen.: He brought the animals unto Adam to see what he would call them. Also in Gen.: God remembered Noah and the cattle which was with him in the ark.

In Jonah: Where the animals joined with men in prayer, crying unto the Almighty to save Nineveh from destruction, God said, "Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city in which are more than six score thousand persons and much cattle?"

The pledge of the rainbow was a covenant not between God and man but himself and every living creature of all flesh.

All the beasts of the forest are mine and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls upon the mountains, and the wild beasts of the fields are in my sight; these all wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

What could be more touching and sublime in the whole universe of God than this from the Psalms of David. He giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry. It is almost beyond the grasp of finite man to comprehend the great, eternal God, before whom angels cast their crowns in adoration, and who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand and guides the planets, bending His ear to the cry of a hungry raven and bringing it food. And how He took notice and rebuked the man who had dealt unjust blows to his beast: "Why hast thou smitten thine ass these three times?"

In Isaiah it is written that in some future existence the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them, and the cow and the bear shall feed. Their young ones shall lie down, together, and the lion shall eat straw like an ox. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.

All through the Bible is manifest the Fatherly care that God bestows upon all His creatures, and His condemnation of cruelties of every kind whether it be refined torture or coarse brutality.

The Bible contains many sayings as to the faithfulness, intelligence and gratitude of animals, in comparison with these qualities in man to his disadvantage. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but my people doth not know, Israel doth not consider. (Isaiah.)

What a scene at the great Judgment Day, when beasts of burden bearing the welts of cruel blows, stand arrayed against their brutal masters as witnesses. It may be, they will, like Balaam's ass, be given the power of speech to tell of the wrongs they endured. What a spectacle!

One great bellowing, of millions of ill-used creatures, going up in one vast volume against their inhuman torturers, and what will be the verdict from a just tribunal?



XI.

HOBBS.

Hobb may grow old in years, but his deeds fade not. His life was true and faithful, without a blemish or a spot.

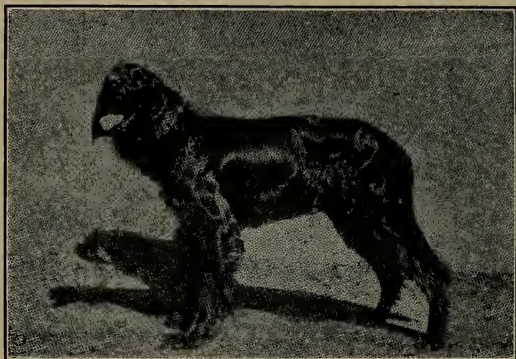
The incidents of this chapter were furnished the writer by the owner of the faithful Hobb. Such faithfulness belongs to a noble nature—far above the animal kingdom. One day when the gentleman's family were in the country and he the only occupant of his city house, he was at his desk. It was in the morning. He was en-

gaged in looking over his mail and writing letters, when Hobb showed his affection for his master by rubbing his head against his right arm, interfering with his writing. His master ordered him to get under the desk and stay there until he was told to leave. One of the letters contained information that required him to go out of the city to a neighboring town, and the business would keep him there until the next evening. Not having much time to spare in reaching the station for the train he wished to take, he left the house in a hurry without a thought of the dog, and it never occurred to him that Hobb would follow his order to stay under the desk until he was told to leave it. The dog could have wandered all over the house, as the doors connecting the rooms with halls were open. He could have gone into the kitchen, where there was meat in a dish on the floor for him.

The gentleman thought of Hobb the day after he had left the house, in connection with the dog's food. He remembered there was meat for him, although hardly enough to last two days. He felt a little conscience-stricken that he hadn't provided him with more.

His first thought when he reached his entrance was Hobb, and he was greatly surprised not to find him at the door to receive him, as was his usual custom; and before going upstairs, he went to the kitchen, and, to his astonishment, he found the meat untouched, no sign of Hobb being about. He was afraid that Hobb had gotten out of the house or had been stolen or killed. Going upstairs to his desk he found the dog with watery eyes just where he was when he left the room the day before. He looked as if he had spent the two days weeping, and as if he had not moved a muscle from the position he was in, when his master left him. The gentle-

man was deeply grieved for his thoughtlessness in going away without proper thought for the dog in his absence. How many human beings would have shown such obedience under similar circumstances?



XII.

HAYA, AN IRISH SETTER, DIES OF A BROKEN HEART.

Haya's end was tragic and sad, for he died of a broken heart.

It wasn't the blows of the heartless man, but neglect that sent the dart.

The following story was told the writer by one having full knowledge of the circumstances. A gentleman who was going to Europe on an extended visit sold a splendid specimen of the setter breed.

This was the first fine dog the new owner ever possessed, and he was not acquainted with their habits, and

the proper training to give them. So he took advice from anyone who offered it as to the course he should pursue with the setter. He was told by one of his associates that if an Irish setter didn't do what he was ordered to do, a severe whipping was the only thing that would make an impression on him, and that he never had to be punished but once for the same offense. One day the setter did something for which his master thought he deserved a whipping, and he beat the poor, defenseless dog unmercifully.

Those who are familiar with the sensitive nature of this breed of dogs, know how the setter must have suffered from humiliation, to say nothing of the pain inflicted. But the blow that killed this beautiful, high-bred dog was his master leaving him, without patting him good-bye, as he was accustomed to do when going away. Haya could stand the beating, but for his master, whom he loved notwithstanding his cruel treatment, to leave home for a week, ignoring him, and fondling a little terrier of no consequence, in his presence, was more than he could bear.

This brutal master thought that in addition to the cruel beating he had given the dog, he would punish him still further by neglect. Though sore of body from his master's blows, he was sick at heart, to be left alone without a good-bye or pat on the head. Haya did not do what a mongrel dog would have done—push himself between the terrier and his master. As his heartless master drove away and was passing out of Haya's sight, he stood on the veranda of the house and watched him until he could be seen no more, and for days he stood or sat on his haunches, gazing in the direction his master went, with the look of a despairing soul, declining most of the food that was offered him.

One morning, before his master returned, when the serv-

ant went upon the veranda to sweep it, she found the beautiful and faithful dog stretched out on the floor dead, with his face towards the street, as if his last breath were a plea for recognition from his master on his return.

XIII.

THE DOG THAT TRIED TO TALK.

A gentleman owned a dog that always grumbled and growled when the writer called on his master, who, when inquiry was made why the dog always did this, explained that it was not a growl at all, but the dog's effort to bid him welcome.

Another dog would push the chairs in their places when disarranged about a room, and opened the door when his master and mistress became old and feeble. They fastened a string to a crank that took the place of a knob, and by pulling the string, it drew back the latch, and the door opened: when callers entered, he would close the door by pushing it with his paws, and it seemed to please him greatly, to have the privilege and pleasure of doing these things for the old people. They called him "Handy."

XIV.

TROGAN.

Trojan was a soldier dog and with his master went to war. For his courage and devotion he soon was winner of a star.

Trojan was the name of a war dog who went with his master to the great Civil War, through which the

country passed from eighteen hundred and sixty-one to sixty-five. Trogan's master was a colonel. He did not want to take Trogan with him, but he could not drive him away from the regiment. In a little while he became very useful to his master. Sometimes he would hold the bridle rein of his horse when his master had occasion to get off. He would also watch the tent, so that nothing belonging to his master would disappear, through stragglers following the army. Trogan would go



up to his master in the morning when the bugle sounded for everybody to rise, and bark if he did not wake instantly. He seemed to take the greatest delight in seeing the soldiers drill, and when they were on dress parades with all of their accoutrements polished, he was extremely happy, and watched them as if he understood what it all meant.

When the regiment was sufficiently drilled to be

competent soldiers they were ordered to the front, and in a short time they were with the army, that had become engaged in a great battle with the enemy. This was Trogan's first experience under fire. Some of the soldiers thought when the firing began he might run off from fright, but they were mistaken. He remained with his master from first to last. He would run towards the enemy and bark, and then run back to the regiment and forward again, as if he were trying to imbue the soldiers with courage to do their duty and win immortal glory. Towards evening of the first day his master received a wound and fell from his horse. Poor Trogan was terribly excited and in great distress over the misfortune of his master. He would rub his nose over the wound every chance he got and show his great affection for him in all conceivable ways. In a short time his master recovered from his wound and again joined the regiment, and immediately was engaged in another fierce battle. The enemy were defeated, our army following them in hot pursuit and many were taken prisoners, so Trogan decided to overtake and capture one himself. He started on a run, jumping over fences and stumps. As he bounded over a log he landed on a wounded rebel. Trogan stopped and began to bark and make a great noise, jumping in the air as high as he could, and then he would pull at his prisoner as if he wanted to take him to the rear. The rebel could not escape. Trogan was in high glee, when the soldiers cheered and yelled with delight. He was promoted to be a colonel, and just for fun, they put him on a horse, and fastened the prisoner's sword to his side. Nobody enjoyed this more than Trogan and his prisoner. The captured were kept together and marched along with our army for several days. Trogan would go to the camp where our prisoners were several times a day, and look up his prisoner,

who was carried in a wagon, as he was wounded and could not walk. The rebel became very much attached to his captor and would give Trogan some of his food and when they separated for good it was with many regrets on both sides. The prisoner patted Trogan on the head and stroked his neck and back, and Trogan rubbed his head on the rebel's legs and barked a sort of parting salute. This ends the chapter of Trogan's experience in war. It shows that he was true to his duty, reliable and patriotic, was loved by friends and enemies, and when he died he was buried with the honors of a soldier.

XV.

TIM.

"Tim," the dog of Paddington Station,
Is always on hand to receive donations:
He collects for the poor among his two-legged friends,
Is extremely polite and never offends.

The following illustration represents King Edward dropping coins in a box fastened to a collar about the dog's neck.

The name of the dog is "Tim." He belongs to an official connected with the Great Western Railway. The funds collected by the industrious Tim go to the support of widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers were laborers in the employ of the railway company. Tim seems to appreciate his occupation. He looks pleased when he hears the money jingle, as it drops into the box. His face wears an expression of great benevolence and amiability.

Note.—Since writing the above sketch of Tim's career, a notice of his death has gone over the wires, and he will be seen no more, going about the station, collecting funds amongst the passengers, for the widows and orphans. But the officials of this great railway have ordered that his skin shall be stuffed, and made to look as it did in life, and his effigy placed at the entrance of the



station with the box at the neck, where he will continue his labor of love, though he can no longer express his thanks in blinks and by the wag of his tail when the coins drop into the box. His work will thus go on, like the noble deeds of a good man that are remembered and emulated by generations, long after he has gone to his reward.



XVI.

THE DANE AND HIS BRUTAL MASTER.

A brutal master was he who tried to kill a Dane,
By taking him in a boat and throwing him in the Seine.

A gentleman who lived in a villa outside Paris, disposed of it, to go into the city, where he took an apartment in which there was no room for his great Dane. One of his neighbors offered to take the dog and care for him. The Dane breed of dogs are large and require a great deal of food, and after a time, this dog's new master begrudged

the food he ate, so decided to get rid of him by drowning.

He took the dog out in a boat, with a heavy stone tied to his neck, and when in the middle of the river, he pushed the stone over into the water and the dog with it, but the string broke and the dog swam towards the boat which had floated away a little distance. When the dog came near enough the human creature struck him with an oar, cutting his head, making the blood spurt and mingle with the water about him. The blow, however, had not the effect the heartless man intended, of killing the dog, and he struck at him again—but being some distance off, he leaned out too far and lost his balance, falling into the water, and the boat floated away. The man, not being a swimmer, would have drowned but for the noble brute, who turned about and swam to him (although bleeding from his master's cruel blows). Inserting his teeth in the clothing at the back of his neck and holding his head out of the water, he then made for the boat, into which the man climbed, and his life was thus saved. The dumb creature practiced the golden rule, and exhibited a spirit of forgiveness and love that is seldom shown in the lives of the best of men.

The magnanimous act of the dog produced a change in the heart of the man. He kept his rescuer for the rest of his life, and treated him with the kindness he deserved for saving his life under circumstances that proved the exalted and forgiving nature of the dumb animal.

Acts like this ought to promote in the minds and hearts of mankind such qualities as will prompt them to show kindness to dogs and all animal creatures ever afterwards, if they haven't shown them humane treatment before. It is never too late to begin doing good.



XVII.

PERE.

Pere was a dog with a taste for colors bright ;
Anything that wasn't he wished kept out of sight.

Pere was a dog with an eye for the beautiful in nature or art. Brilliant colors were to him a feast, whether it was in a garden flower or in a painted picture or in dress. When his mistress put on a new dress of subdued colors he would act offended and displeased, and show his displeasure by not noticing the garment and turning his back towards his mistress when she would pass her hands over the folds of the dress and ask him how he liked it. But when she put on a dress that had bright colors he would jump up and bark and put his paws against

the dress and stroke it, and when his mistress would gather some of the folds and make them rustle, it seemed to delight him greatly. If she wore a hat trimmed with red poppies, as she sometimes did, his pleasure knew no bounds. One day his mistress took Pere to the store when she was going to buy a dress. She would look at different materials and colors, and put several kinds side by side and then point towards them, asking Pere which he liked best, and he would always look at the cloth or silk, whichever it was, that was brightest. He had a sunshiny nature and everything that was cheerful and light appealed to him.

XVIII.

STORY OF A BLOODHOUND, ON THE TRACK OF
AN ESCAPING SLAVE, DURING THE TIME
OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

“Think thou, then,
What cities flame, what hosts unsepulchered
Pollute the passing wind, when raging power
Drives on his bloodhounds to the chase of man;
—SOUTHEY.

When the bloodhound reached the hiding slave,
He was kneeling in prayers to One who could save —
The savage brute for a moment glared,
Then wagged his tail and mildly stared.

A negro boy not entirely black and possessing more intelligence than the average negro, with correct ideas of right and wrong, and a character of high standard for one in his condition, is the subject of this most thrill-

ing and interesting story. "The slave's name was Jackson. When about seventeen years old he had given much thought to his condition and that of his race in America. He felt in his soul that human slavery was wrong, whether in his native land or elsewhere.

He decided, however, to remain and work faithfully for his master until twenty-one years old, and then to endeavor to make his escape into Canada, beneath whose skies men are free.

When the time arrived, he watched his opportunity



to break for liberty. He started from the old plantation one evening, just after the darkness had settled upon it. The negroes had gone to their quarters for the night; old Tom, who always sang a song or two before turning in, began the familiar tune, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." This old song Jackson loved best of all. Jackson had left the yard and closed the gate behind him, with his face towards the North, to begin his journey for freedom, when the first notes of the song rang out upon the soft Southern air; he stopped to hear it, tears trickled from his eyes and moistened

the earth at his feet. He knew that if he was not overtaken and brought back it would be the last time he should ever hear his old companion in slavery sing, and with the last lingering notes of the old negro's voice—a voice of exquisite melody—falling upon his ear, and the faint strains of the banjo impressing itself upon his memory, he bade adieu to the place that had held him in bondage for twenty-one years. He soon reached a point where he could see the lights in the old mansion for the last time. He turned about, and for a moment fixed his eyes upon it, not with any bitterness or hard feelings towards his master, for he knew that the institution of slavery was an inheritance, and with the last gaze upon the house that sheltered his master and his family in his heart, he wished them well.

Jackson's absence was not known until the next morning. When his master was informed that he could not be found, he did not believe the slave was running away, for Jackson was one of the best he ever owned; but not returning by the following morning, he made up his mind that he was attempting to reach free soil. He, therefore, procured a bloodhound to find his trail and run him down.

The poor slave by this time had a good start, and it was nearly three days before the hound got on his scent. The direction he took was along by the Dismal Swamp, in Florida. He went into hiding during the day, and walked as fast as his legs could carry him at night. His first two days in the swamp were passed in resting and reading his finger-marked and worn Bible, for he was a Christian slave. He was congratulating himself on meeting with no obstacles, so far—no one questioning him as to his destination, or whom he belonged to, etc. When on the evening of the third day, he heard the

metallic-like bark of the bloodhound in the distance, he knew that in a short time he would be upon him. The spot where he was in hiding was dismal in the extreme, the density of the gloom was cavern-like, the stillness like the stillness of death. It had the appearance of a region that had never been trod by the foot of man, the trees standing so close together, the branches twisting and interlacing each other, and spreading out, and the young trees, of a few years' growth, with the underbrush and the thick foliage, making it impossible to see the smallest streak in the blue heavens above him. The silence was unbroken by a single sound save the hiss of the reptile and the croak of the bullfrog. Hark! he hears the crashing of underbrush as if a wild beast were tearing through the jungle, only a little way off. The poor slave kneels and prays to the same God who protected Daniel in the lions' den and the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. The savage brute, the very incarnation of ferocity, bounds towards him, but stops suddenly when near enough to almost touch him. The brute seemed dazed—not a muscle moved—his head and body in the attitude of springing upon his victim. The poor hunted slave, from looking upward in the act of imploring the Great Eternal, fixed his gaze upon the savage dog, and in a moment the bloodhound seemed transfixed as if turned into stone, his ferocious nature suddenly transformed, and a gleam of amiability coming over his countenance; in another moment he is blinking and wagging his tail in a most friendly manner. The praying slave continued his penetrating gaze into the eyes of the brute until he had him completely under his control. He encouraged the dog to come closer. The dog responded by drawing himself inch by inch towards his would-be victim. He offered him food. The dog now

pulled himself close enough to take the food, and near enough for the slave to lay his black hand upon his head and stroke and caress it. This pleased the brute greatly, and in turn he playfully leaned his head against the slave's knee. Presently he pricks his ears, looks alert, and glances in the direction he came, and at once starts off. He acted as if he heard some one approaching; the slave comprehending the dog's meaning, followed him. The dog takes a different course from the one by which he came, in order to avoid meeting the slaves, master or overseer, who, no doubt, were following in the wake of the bloodhound's barking in search of the runaway. The now friendly dog led him out of the morass and jungle into the turn-pike road, and together they journeyed over the hills and mountains of North Carolina and through the historic valleys of Virginia, where the very air once vibrated with the words of Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty or give me death" and the declaration of Thomas Jefferson, "That all men are born free and equal and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

From Virginia they passed into Pennsylvania. On reaching the soil hallowed by the ashes of William Penn, the slave stopped at the house of a Quaker, and asked permission to sleep in his barn. The Quaker looked him over and made up his mind that his caller was a runaway slave, and said to him, "Is thee from the South?" The slave hesitated in giving an answer, when the Quaker remarked, "Thee need have no fear to tell me, for no harm will come to thee while under my roof." The slave then told him the history of his life—how he worked faithfully until he was of age—how he was sold away from his mother when very young and would not know her if she stood before him. His father, he never knew. The Quaker, always sympathizing with the oppressed slave,

went among a few of his neighbors and raised enough money with which to buy a ticket for the slave and transportation for the now gentle bloodhound, to carry them to the bank of the Niagara River, where he could cross over into Canada and enjoy the freedom he desired. The now freeman kept the dog while he lived in grateful recognition of his assistance in making his escape.

BRUTALITY OF THE SPORTSMAN.

The wanton cruelties perpetrated upon innocent, harmless animals by the sportsman must be classed the most brutal. To see men made in the image of their Maker set savage hounds upon a hare, fox or stag and run it down, standing by and enjoying seeing the dogs tear and mangle, is one of the strange features of life. Men engaging in such barbarities must be callous to every sense of justice, sympathy and the finer feelings of human nature. What pleasure can be derived from such scenes is beyond the comprehension of the just and generous. But what can be expected of the lower strata and the vicious, while the rulers of empires and the presidents of republics and those in the higher grades of the social scale are most prominent in these horrible sports?

No good reason has ever been given or can be given that permits a human being to inflict pain or give sorrow to the meanest creature that lives, unless in self-defense or for the security and protection of mankind. But when it is only for self-gratification or amusement, it cannot be less than a crime. What could be more diabolical than the shooting of birds that have been reared for the purpose, setting them at liberty in flocks, and as they fly away, firing into them, killing some, while hundreds drop with crippled legs and broken wings, and in fear and

pain drag their wounded forms under bushes, or into hiding wherever they can to escape from their murderers? Many are not found and necessarily are left in their agony to starve and die.

But the most disgraceful in the long catalogue of atrocities perpetrated upon animal kind is bull-fighting. It cannot even be called sport. It is the worst phase of brutality, and only people lost to all of the better instincts of humanity enjoy the demoralizing exhibition. The frenzied excitement and pleasure of the crowd at the sight of the mutilated forms of noble animals, and the howling mob demanding further sacrifice, if the gushing streams of blood have not satisfied their depraved natures, are spectacles that make one feel ashamed that such human beings should exist.

XIX.

MUSICAL DOG NAMED "MOZART."

"Music, those mysterious sounds; coming we know not whence, telling us, we know not what."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The following illustration is that of a dog with a musical ear. Music appealed to him in the same way that beautiful colors appealed to the dog described elsewhere. Any kind of music attracted "Mozart," if nothing more than a hand-organ. But the melodious notes from *Faust*, the enchanting strains of Beethoven and Wagner's thrilling tones, stirred every fiber of his body. The playing of the "Pilgrims' March" from *Tannhauser* would bring from him barks, blinks and the wagging of his tail; the movements of his body—his head swaying from side to side—giving him a most dramatic appearance.

When the notes were low and soft, he would drop upon the floor, resting on his legs and stomach, and when the higher keys were touched he would sit on his haunches or stand. If a false note was struck he would bark his disapproval in a most emphatic manner.

The following was one of the amusing characteristics



of this unique canine creature. When he heard music at a distance he would at once start on a run as hard as he could, with his mouth open and grinning as if anticipating a great treat. If it was a band he would follow it all over the town, marching alongside and unconsciously, in a way, keeping step to the music. "Mozart" also enjoyed the singing of birds. He has been known to sit under a tree upon whose branches a bird was piping its tuneful notes, and to stay there while it sang.



XX.

LAZARUS—DIVES—AND THE DOG.

It was only crumbs Lazarus sought at the rich man's door.
He received them not: A dog came along and licked his
sores—

It were better to be that dog on Judgment Day,
Than he who turned the hungry away.

May there not be a heaven for dogs of noble traits?
A place where the miser can't enter with high interest
rates!

Who knows but dogs will pass St. Peter's Gate
And mingle forever with the good and great.

The readers of this chapter are no doubt familiar with the Bible narrative of the poor afflicted Lazarus who was unable to work and compelled to beg for his daily bread. One morning he left his hovel hungry and sore to seek

for a crust of bread or anything that he could get. He passed down the street that took him by the palace of the rich Dives, looking in as he reached the entrance and saying to himself, "I will beg for something here,—for one who is blessed as this man is will surely not turn me away hungry."

What a picture comes to your mind—when you see the poor beggar weak from hunger and sore of body, looking into the luxurious garden of the wealthy Dives, and thinking that the crumbs from his table would be a feast to himself. He enters the Gate and walks by pathways fragrant with the perfume of flowers and shaded by palms and exquisite foliage, brilliant in tropical colorings. He reaches the house, and with trembling hands he knocks. The door is opened and he makes known his wants. "No," is the answer he receives. He pleads for the crumbs that fall from the master's table, nothing more,—but his pleading is in vain. His emaciated form avails him nothing, and the door is closed against him. He leaves the palace with its larder filled to bursting, and its storehouses crowded with priceless treasures, and drags himself down the stone walk, passing beneath a weeping willow whose drooping, quivering branches bent low over him in sympathy and compassion. Nature was kinder to him than man.

At the gate he rested an instant, casting his eyes back over the magnificent scene in every direction. Over the splendor of the gardens, flowers and trees of every clime; the extensive fields rich with maturing harvests, vineyards and orchards brilliant in ripening fruit and sleek cattle grazing on the hills beyond.

The beggar stood for a few moments enchanted and philosophizing:—"Well, the flowers smell no sweeter to the rich man than they do to me—the landscape and moun-

tains glowing in sunshine are mine to enjoy as well as his, and it may be that in some other existence I may receive that which is denied me here. The rich man's ancestors may have lived lives noble and full of human love for all living creatures, and he is now reaping the reward of their virtues; while in my veins may course the blood of Neros and Agrippinas, and thus I am made to carry their sins and misdeeds through life, who knows?"

Lazarus starts to go elsewhere in search of bread, when a dog comes up to him, wags his tail and gazes into the face of the suffering mendicant with sympathy and tenderness, and tells him in dog language, "I understand your situation. You have begged for something to eat, at the rich man's house and were turned away. I feel sorry for you. I have no bone to offer nor bread to give you, so may I lick your sores? It is the only service I can render." Lazarus was deeply touched by the act of the dumb brute and thanked the heavenly stars, for he felt that he was not entirely forgotten of God, if he was of man, for a dog was sent to soothe him with his healing tongue. There in front of the house of plenty, where he only asked for the crumbs that were swept out with the dust and refuse on the floor, had he met a friend—a dog.

XXI.

SUICIDE OF ROMULUS, A DOG.

"'Twas only a dog, so noble and true,
Whose act of devotion is held up to view."

The story of a great St. Bernard, whose grief over his master's death was so crushing that life to him was unendurable, and he committed suicide.

The doctor who attended the owner of this most remarkable dog during his sickness and was with him when he died, noticed the expression of sadness in the dog's eyes as he stood by the bedside looking into the face of the one being who was all there was for him on earth. Occasionally he would utter a low bark to get a recognition from his dying master, which he received while con-



sciousness remained. When the end came the dog seemed to know it at once; and began moaning and howling in a manner that touched all who were acquainted with the facts and the story of his fidelity to the one he loved.

When the body was placed in the casket and the lid was on it, the dog protested by barks, and in trying to push it off. It was midsummer and the doors were open, so the faithful dog could go out and in at his pleasure,

but he stood all night near the motionless figure, and when the body was carried to the cemetery he followed the procession and stood by as the casket was lowered into the grave. When they began to throw earth upon it, he barked as if protesting against covering up his master. When all had gone from the grave he remained, and when no one was in sight or near enough to see, he began to scratch away the mound, and, having levelled it with the ground, he laid on the grave, and subsequently it was with difficulty the sexton could keep him away.

His master's family, seeing his distress, treated him with the greatest kindness, but he found no consolation in anything that was done for him. He refused to eat and was the personification of wretchedness and misery. After a week of mourning and desolation he went down to the lake near by. He had often gone there with his master, who had built for himself a small cottage where he spent many afternoons reading and thinking, feeling there was no place where he could gather his thoughts and read with the same satisfaction as in the midst of nature. The dog stood for a while looking out upon the blue, placid lake in front of him, the overhanging rocks with vines and foliage on the opposite shore, and snowy mountain peaks in the distance. But nature in all her grandeur had no attraction for him. Turning about and gazing towards the house where he had spent many years with his lost master, he uttered a sound, something between a low bark and a moan, that seemed the very soul of bitterness and despair, and then deliberately and with a firm step walked into the water, and as it swept over his back, put his head under until life was gone, exhibiting by the self-sacrifice a devotion to the memory of his master as absorbing and beautiful as anything in human experience.



XXII.

RENO.

Reno was a dog of aristocratic stock;
A carriage would he order if he had to go a block.

Reno was almost as broad as he was long, had a mellow voice and liquid eyes. He was always kept in the most exquisite condition—a baby could not have been more delicately dressed and groomed than Reno was. His mistress took great delight and pride in showing him to her friends and pointing out his admirable traits and accomplishments. One of the most remarkable things he was taught to do was to announce the arrival of guests and the number—if one came, he would bark once, if two came together he would bark twice, and so on, no matter if there were a dozen. Reno wore a collar set with

brilliant. He also had a cover of real lace, extending from his collar back to the middle of his body, which was fastened to his collar and belt. It made him look very picturesque and aristocratic. One of his peculiarities was, he never associated with other dogs. As for common dogs, he would glance at them with scorn and contempt.



XXIII.

TARNO AND JYP.

They were comrades ever in sunshine and in storm
And always kept together to save each other from harm.

In a hamlet near a city situated at one end of a most picturesque valley stretching far away in a beautiful outline, with rugged, rocky hills on either side, and trees scattered here and there, where the soil was deep enough for the roots to hold, and underbrush covering a large portion of the hills, was the home of Henry Dobbs, a gardener. He supplied many families with vegetables and farm products, which he carried to the city in a wagon

drawn by a goat—afterwards a dog was hitched with the goat. This was to the casual observer a most incongruous team. But the dog and goat were congenial and friendly. When the goat drew the wagon alone the dog would go alongside the goat, as if to comfort him while drawing the load, which was frequently heavier than he should have been compelled to haul. Henry Dobbs noticed the strange and peculiar friendship existing between the goat and the dog, and decided to have a harness made for Tarno and couple him with Jyp. He had a tongue put in the wagon and the other changes made that were necessary for a double team, and when all was ready for Tarno to become a draft dog, he hitched them together to the wagon and drove them about a little before starting to the city with a load. They seemed greatly pleased. Each tried to draw more than his share of the burden. It was a touch of nature to see the disposition of each to favor the other. It is often so different in human beings, for they try to take advantage of their fellowmen, instead of helping them over the rough places in life's battle with hard conditions.

Tarno and Jyp were most affectionate in their actions towards each other. They occupied a stall or house together, and when they slept, they touched each other in some way; either Tarno rested his head on Jyp, or Jyp would lay his head on Tarno. It was a queer attachment, but the liking for each other was genuine. It was the most congenial companionship that could possibly exist between two dumb creatures. They would drink out of the same vessel at the same time and never quarrel, and to see them rub noses as if they were making love to each other was highly entertaining.

XXIV.

JEALOUSY OF DOGS.

In studying dog character one will find that jealousy is a strong feature of their natures. If two dogs belong to one master and he pets one and neglects the other, the neglected dog will bark and show his displeasure in all manner of ways.

A gentleman had two dogs; one was a bulldog and the other a collie. The collie was most affectionate in his nature and actions towards his master. He would rub his nose against his hands or any part he could touch. He would often put his nose between his master's legs and draw himself through, and if his master petted him, his cup of joy and pleasure was full. He would often sit down, resting his body on his legs and feet, and look at his master with an expression of loving admiration almost human.

The bulldog was more brusque in his exhibition of loyalty and friendship. He had a fashion of resting his head on his master's knees when he was sitting. He often stared at him, looking him straight in the eye, as if he were studying and wondering if deep down in his soul he reciprocated his devotion to him. There was nothing of the flirt about the bulldog, and he wasn't at all demonstrative like the collie.

XXV.

PEDRO.

This was the name of a great dog who lived in Rome at a time when some of the world's greatest achievements and most wonderful events were happening. From one of the seven hills upon which Rome is built Pedro could see the great Coliseum, the majestic church spires, the Forum where the Roman senators delivered their famous speeches, and the colossal columns erected to the memory of military heroes. Pedro would leave his house and go to a certain point on the hill where he lived with his master, who occupied a house all alone, except for servants, and sit or stand in mute admiration and reverence for the unrivaled and enchanting scene spread out before him. His master, who was old and feeble, walked with great difficulty. He used two canes, making it impossible to carry either a book or paper. These were given to Pedro, who always seemed delighted when he could do any kind of service for his master.

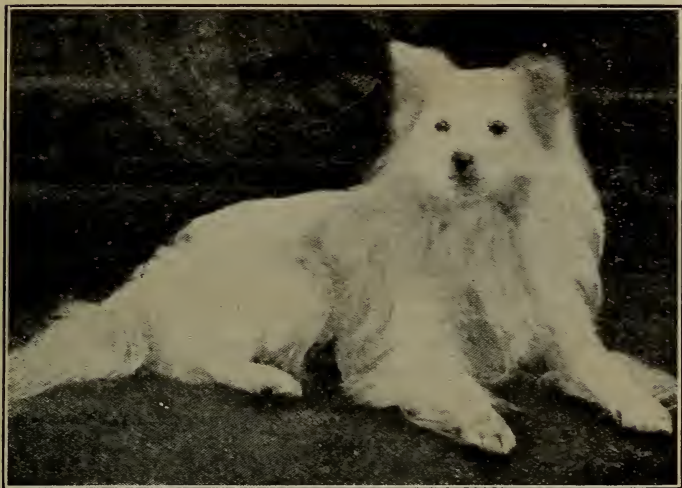
Before Pedro grew old his master died and was buried in the centre of the garden surrounding the house.

At the funeral Pedro walked just behind the body he loved and wept sorrowing tears because he knew that his master had gone from him forever. The next morning after his master was buried, he saw some one place flowers upon the grave. This pleased Pedro, and every morning after that while he lived, he would go to the



flower beds and break off a number of the most beautiful flowers he could find and place them above where his master slept his long, last sleep. Pedro would then walk away to his favorite spot and sit on his haunches and look as if dazed or in deep meditation, perhaps wondering if at some time in the future he would ever again behold

the kindly face of his old master walking amid the palms and magnolias of his beautiful garden, or sitting beneath the spreading branches of an old oak, which had been to him more than a friend.



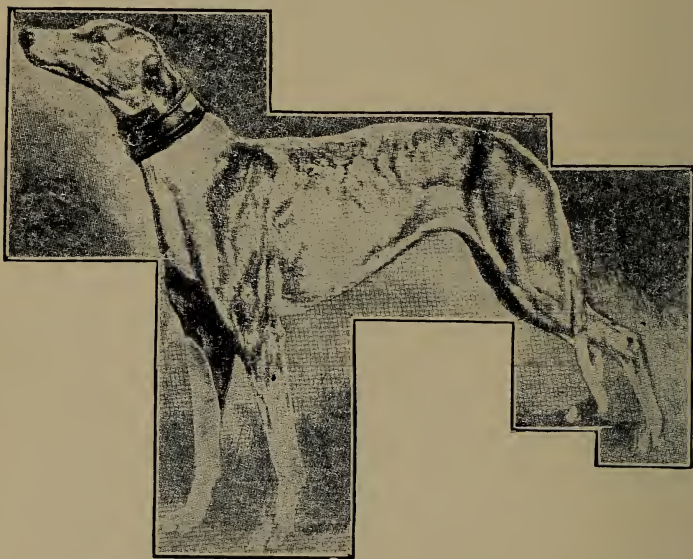
XXVI.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVORITE DOG.

'Twas a Pomeranian—honored by the great, good Queen,
Who wished it at her bedside before the closing scene:
She fondled and caressed it, a message to her kind,
Though ruling many millions, she had dumb creatures on
her mind.

With all the multitudinous duties of the Queen, sovereign of the greatest empire of the world, she did not forget to give care and thought to the animals of her household.

One of the most beautiful and tender acts of her eighty-two years of life, was the request, (just a little while before her spirit passed beyond land and sea), to have her favorite dog brought to her, when she patted and stroked it; which was meant, no doubt, as a gentle command to her subjects to treat with kindness and humanity God's dumb animals.



XXVII.

THE GREYHOUND.

For finest traits and a great career
The noble greyhound has no peer;
He walks the earth with a delicate tread
And sinewy form, holding high his head.



XXVIII.

LORD BYRON'S DOG,—“BOATSWAIN.”

History is rich in accounts of great men and women who loved dogs and treated them with kindness and regard. Among writers of the past century, Lord Byron will be remembered for his immortal poem on “Boatswain,” his favorite dog.

When Byron was in his twentieth year, his favorite Newfoundland died. The poet buried Boatswain in a vault, and had engraved upon it, the following epitaph:

“Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
Boatswain, a Dog."

In addition to perpetuating the noble character of the dog in stone, the great poet immortalized him in verse—one of the most beautiful ever composed on the virtues of man's best friend, the dog:

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rest below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been ;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven, the soul he held on earth ;
While man, vile insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
O man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name
Earth kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn :
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise.
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

XXIX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

Sir Walter had a sad experience during the panic in Scotland of 1825-26, when the publishing house of which he was a silent partner, failed, making his part of the firm's indebtedness over £100,000. While the failure was not of Sir Walter's making, he assumed his portion of the debt and worked night and day with his pen to clear himself of the obligation. He assigned all his property to trustees for the benefit of his creditors, together with all interest in his future work, until the debt was paid. His literary labors were so assiduous, that a few years later his health was broken, compelling him to give up work entirely. His physician advised a winter in Italy, with absolute rest. Acting on this advice, he visited Rome and other Italian cities, but his health had been so badly shattered by overwork, he had no recuperative powers left, and the following summer returned to his native Scotland only to die.

By every law of compensation, the country of his nativity, whose fame was extended to all parts of the civilized world by his wonderful writings, should have cancelled his debts at once, and not permitted him to shorten his life by midnight toil. His countrymen, however, did not come to his rescue; but before he died, as the fruit of his efforts, together with his copyrights, and all he possessed, the debt was paid.

His biographer states that he arrived home in an almost unconscious condition. He does not mention that a single person met him at the dock or at his home, to greet

him; but he does say, that when he reached Abbotsford, his dogs assembled about him and made much of him, fawning upon him and licking his hands; and that the great Sir Walter Scott, with his commanding dignity, alternately sobbed and smiled at the demonstration of affection showered upon his home-coming by his four-footed animal friends.

The following extract from Scott's writings alluding to dogs is found in the *Talisman*.—*Tales of the Crusaders*.

“Recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasure and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor—he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity. Dress yonder marquis in what peacock-robes you will—disguise his appearance—alter his complexion with drugs and washes—hide him amidst an hundred men—I will yet pawn my sceptre, that the hound detects him, and expresses his resentment, as you have this day beheld. This is no new incident, although a strange one. Murderers and robbers have been, ere now, convicted, and suffered death under such evidence, and men have said that the finger of God was in it. In thine own land, royal brother, and upon such an occasion, the matter was tried by a solemn duel betwixt the man and the dog, as appellant and defendant in a challenge of murder. The dog was victorious, the man was punished, and the crime was confessed. Credit me, royal brother, that hidden crimes have often been brought to light by the testimony even of

inanimate substances, not to mention animals far inferior in instinctive sagacity to the dog, who is the friend and companion of our race.”

XXX.

THE DOGS OF WORDSWORTH.

The poet Wordsworth, known as the poet of nature, had like the other great master minds mentioned in this book, a deeply sympathetic heart for all living creatures, and a reverence for the works of nature.

He loved the hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, the melodious music of the forest winds, the rippling water, the summer days of vernal gladness, and saw infinite beauty in the neutral tints and withered leaves of autumn, and the sombre brown of winter, as well. In the animal kingdom all beasts and birds came within his loving regard, and drew from him inspiring thoughts, the dog occupying a conspicuous place in Wordsworth's literature. His touching and beautiful eulogy to the memory of a dog, a part of which is here inserted, will forever give him a high place as an admirer and lover of dogs.

“Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth !
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise ;
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year :
This oak points out thy grave ; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.
I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past ;
And willingly have laid thee here at last :

For thou hadst lived till everything that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share:
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree;
For love, that comes to all—the holy sense,
Best gift of God—in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us men, but to thy kind;
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
The soul of love, love's intellectual law:—
Hence, if we wept it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honored name!”

XXXI.

“FLUSH.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest poetess of the nineteenth century, like Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Shelley, Keats, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Gladstone, Bismarck, and other great minds, felt a deep affection for

all living creatures, and particularly the dog. During the long dreary years she spent in her sick chamber, she had the sympathetic companionship of her favorite dog, Flush, who was an endless source of joy and comfort to her; and as a mark of her esteem for the beautiful character of this animal friend, she wrote a eulogy in one of the noblest poems ever written, of a member of the lower creation, showing a nature in the dog as tender and exquisite as anything in human devotion, or human sacrifice.

Following are a few of the verses dedicated to Flush, my dog.

“But of *thee* it shall be said
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

“Roses gathered for a vase
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning—
This dog only, waited on
Knowing that when light is gone
Love remains for shining.

“Other dogs in thymey dew
Tracked the hares and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow—
This dog only, crept and crept,
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

“Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear

Up the woodside hieing—
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech
Or a louder sighing.

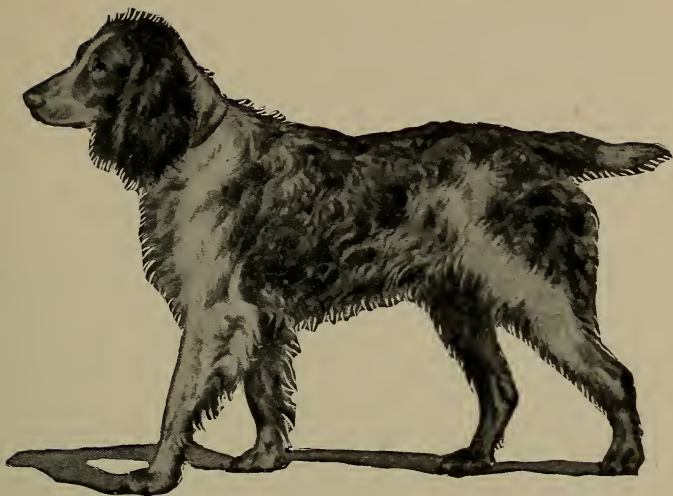
“And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

“And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within
After—platforming his chin
On the palm left open.”

XXXII.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Prime Minister of Germany, known as the man of blood and iron, and one of the commanding figures in the political horizon of the nineteenth century. He was a man hard to approach. A born ruler of men, yet, there was a side to his nature as gentle as it was severe in other directions. He loved nature, and was most fondly devoted to his dogs, of which he had many. They were his companions during his leisure hours and when strolling about his extensive grounds, Bismarck always felt, that while men sometimes disappointed him, he never had occasion to doubt the faithfulness and sincerity of his dogs. His principal dogs were powerful mastiffs.



XXXIII.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FAVORITE DOG.

The great English statesman was very fond of dogs, and had as a constant companion in the later years of his life, one over whose remains he erected a monument bearing the following inscription :

“PETZ,

Born at Swalbach, 1886, died at
Hawarden, 1898.

Mr. Gladstone's favorite dog.
Faithful unto Death.”

XXXIV.

JOHN RANDOLPH, "HIS DOGS."

One of the famous men who occupied a conspicuous position in American politics at the beginning of the last century is the subject of this sketch.

One of his biographers relates many instances of his attachment and love for the canine race, and that he was never seen without one or more of his animal friends with him. He was a great horseman and usually rode to the capitol when he was a member of the House of Representatives, and would tie his horse to a post placed near the capitol for that purpose. On one occasion he appeared at his desk in the House with his spurs on, and his trousers inside his boots, and accompanied by one of his dogs. On this particular day Randolph made one of his celebrated speeches. The dog (a big one) stood beside him with a proud look, as if he understood it all, and with a belligerent air which might have meant if he could have spoken, "Dare any one dispute the statements of my master?"

XXXV.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S TERRIER, "FUZZY."

"The steamer sailed away, but Fuzzy was left behind,
He tramped his journey back to town—Sir Henry on his
mind."

The pathetic story of the little terrier who was left at Southampton in the confusion of getting the luggage of the Lyceum Company aboard a steamer for America, is

known by many. The dog was taken to Southampton by train, and some days after the boat sailed, the stage-door-keeper of the Lyceum Theatre, London, heard scratching and a feeble barking at his door. He opened it, and there outside was what was left of poor Fuzzy. How the dog found his way back to London will forever remain a mystery; he evidently had suffered great privations,



from his half-starved look, bleeding paws and watery eyes. The faithful little terrier, when old and nearly blind, met his death as a result of falling through a trap in the stage of a theatre, when he was making his way to Sir Henry's dressing-room. The doggie's empty place has never been filled again by his master.



XXXVI.

CONDEMNED INDIAN'S FAITHFUL DOG.

Most tragic was the end of the Indian and his dog—
No more the game and campfires round the blazing log.

On an Indian Reservation in the far Western part of the United States, along where the Rocky Mountains lift their peaks, and towards the setting sun, an Indian committed murder. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot.

A prisoner who receives a death sentence in the Reservation is given a long time before an execution is carried into effect. This Indian was granted one year. The ver-

dict was that he should present himself, if alive, one year from the date of sentence, at eleven o'clock in the morning, at a certain spot. In the meantime he was at liberty to go where he chose, there were no restrictions placed upon his going or coming—it was left entirely to his honor. When he was told to go forth for a year, there was no more doubt of his not being at hand at the time set for his execution, than that the north star would prove untrue to its course. The question suggests itself, how many white men in a hundred million could be found—after receiving a death sentence and given a year's liberty—to appear at the scaffold or electric chair?

The executioner of the poor Indian was at the place selected for the tragic end, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, looking in different directions to see if he were approaching. In a moment, he was seen emerging from the woods beyond an open hollow. He walked with head erect and the majestic sweeping carriage that many of the Indians have: at his side, trotting with him, was his dog, who kept close by his master, seeming to divine there was something of an unusual character about to happen, but he knew not what. When the Indian arrived within twenty paces of the executioner he stopped, awaiting the sign to kneel and bare his breast to the bullet. He patted his dog, who rubbed his head against his legs, and displayed towards his unfortunate master all the affection of his nature.

The executioner and those with him spent some time in conversation. The sun was nearly at meridian. The distance from his executioner brought him under a tree from which the swinging leaves rustled a mournful requiem of his sad fate. It was a beautiful Indian summer day, a blue sky with not the faintest cloud in the horizon: a profound calm, except the twittering of birds

and the low sound of the wandering wind, a day on which no one would wish to die, not even a lone Indian.

When the rifle was taken up, the Indian knelt, his dog resting on his haunches and forelegs by his side, and looking into his master's face and then at the gun—a picture of deep pathos, and a subject for an artist's brush. The dog knew the gun was a thing that brought down game,—why should his master be there facing it? When the gun was fired and the Indian fell over, the dog became frantic, and tried to arouse his swarthy-faced dead master by putting his nose under the head and attempting to lift it. Then licking the face and doing all kinds of things to get a recognition from him who had shared with the dog the game they hunted, that furnished them nourishment in their forest home.

The dog would not let any one come near the body, and it was decided to shoot him—which, no doubt, would have been his own wish if he could have spoken. As they were inseparable while on earth, they should not be denied companionship in the Indian hunting grounds of the Spirit Land.

XXXVII.

STORY OF A MERCHANT'S DOG'S UNCHANGING FIDELITY.

“In adversity men failed him—
But his dog—unchanged and true.”

The Dane—the Dane—the noble Dane,
A tablet high in the hall of fame.

During one of the recurring panics that come to the United States as part and parcel of her commercial life,

one of the great merchants of a large city was unable to overcome conditions that met him, and in common parlance, he was driven to the wall. He was always spoken of as a merchant prince, on account of the extent of his business and the liberality of his methods. He was a man of generous impulses and had rendered assistance to many during a previous panic, and at other times.



Consequently, when his property was attached and the business world knew of his failure, he had a reasonable hope that those whom he had helped in their extremity would come forward to help in his. No, not a solitary man darkened his doors, and, too proud to ask for a return of favors he had bestowed upon others, he was compelled to surrender to the inevitable.

He made out a schedule of all he possessed, and passed

it to the receiver, walking out of his business office, the same man in all the beautiful instincts of his nature that he had always been—but his wealth was gone.

Before the announcement of his failure, there was not a man in the city who did not consider it an honor to be counted among his friends. He walked along the crowded streets, where the day before he would have been greeted a dozen times within the space of a block—unrecognized.

One of the first men coming from the opposite direction and almost touching him as they passed, owed his salvation from financial disaster to the merchant, but he gazed intently at the opposite side of the thoroughfare, as if looking for a name.

The next man, who was indebted to him for the roof that covered his head, was apparently deeply interested in the traffic of the streets, and another dropped his eyes as if concerned about the character of stone and size of blocks in the pavement under his feet. The next turned a corner in a great hurry, as if on a life and death errand.

The merchant was on his way to the mansion to tell his family they must gather up their personal effects, and prepare to vacate the house and seek shelter elsewhere. He reached the corner that turned into the avenue, where the palatial establishment and grounds occupied an entire block. Just before reaching the avenue, the family equipage rolled along over the smooth asphalt pavement, and for the last time, as his property. At the gate, he was met by his big Dane dog "Cronje," who greeted him with more than his usual cordiality, the dog seeming to discern his master's trouble, noticing, as it were, from the pallor on his cheek and his tired gait, that something was wrong with him.

The merchant stopped a moment and caressed the only friend he had met. They looked into each other's eyes, and he thought of his experience during the day in contrast with the warm sympathy of his animal friend, "Cronje," and the merchant exclaimed, "While men have failed me, you have not. My changed condition from wealth to poverty makes no difference to *you*."

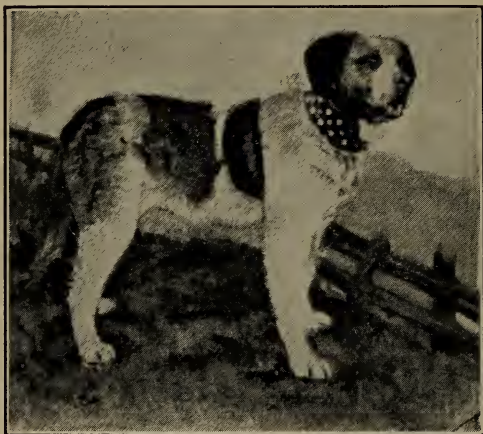
Cronje—(in dog language)—"Why should it—are you not the same noble, unselfish soul whose hand has never been withheld from any one in distress? Your name headed every subscription to charity, church and benevolence of all kinds—no high wall surrounded your mansion, to exclude from rich or poor the sight of the beautiful landscape, the statuary, fountains, trees and flowers,—for what gave others pleasure was also your joy, and those to whom you held out your hand in times when they were in trouble and who were now prosperous, should have come forward and responded to your needs."

XXXVIII.

INTELLIGENCE AND FAITHFULNESS OF DOGS.

Two tourists started up a mountain, ascending from opposite sides, to meet at the top. One of them, when about twelve hundred feet from the base, lost his balance and rolled down nearly to the bottom, breaking one of his legs. A short time after the mishap, a big St. Bernard came to him while he was in the act of tying a handkerchief about his broken leg. The dog took in the situation at once: he rubbed his nose over the handkerchief in a sympathetic manner, and started off on a run for assistance. He had not gone very far when he found

two men loitering about. It did not take him long to make known that he had use for them, and he immediately started back towards the unfortunate tourist followed by the two men. When they reached the wounded man, the dog went right up to him and tried to untie the handkerchief bound about his leg, to show the men his object in bringing them to his aid. No human being could have done more than the dog, for what the man wanted was assistance to carry him to a house, where



he could be accommodated and receive medical attendance: this the dog accomplished as well as if he spoke the language of the country.

Who has not read the story of the dog who went into battle with his master, and attacked the enemy, when in a hand to hand conflict both fell—and over whose ashes rises a monument telling the heroic deeds of the dog, as well as those of his master: or, the story of the other soldier-dog who followed the regiment to which he be-

longed into battle. When the standard bearer fell wounded, and an enemy was bearing the flag away in triumph, the dog attacked him fiercely, taking the flag from him, and carrying it back to the regiment.

A shepherd removing to a distant country, sold his sheep to a neighbor and included his dog that had tended the sheep. The new owner mixed them with his large flock and left them with the dog, and went to his village home several miles away.

The dog not understanding what was meant by his old master's sheep making so long a visit, decided to pick out those that had belonged to him and drive them home. This he did during the night, and great was the surprise when sheep and dog were found at the old place next morning. The sheep were sent to their new owner again, but the dog remained.

A lady dropped her purse while in the street: a dog saw it fall, sprang and picked it up and carried it to her, running in front of her, wagging his tail and looking pleased at having had the opportunity of doing her a service: his act showed keen intelligence and thoughtfulness.

XXXIX.

KIND TREATMENT TAMES WILD BEASTS.

May the time be not far off when all advancement in civilization will be measured by a nobler humanity, based on a recognition of the rights of all living creatures, and a disappearance of cruelty of every sort, kind, and de-

scription from the face of the earth. It has been proved that by gentle and humane treatment, the most savage beast can be tamed.

Read the story of Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, how she tamed a ferocious lion and other wild beasts, who became as docile as lambs.

But Rosa Bonheur radiated an atmosphere always of kindness, and a supreme confidence in her friends of the forest and jungle, that no harm would come to her as she went in and out among them. In return, they lavished upon her animal affection to a degree and in a manner that was both rare and sublime. Her confidence was not misplaced in a single instance.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT KILL A LIVING THING BUT A REPTILE.

Honor to the man who would not kill a living creature except a poisonous snake, and then only when it came in his way, when he would despatch it as quickly as he could, in order not to make it suffer any longer than necessary. His sense of justice and humane feelings would not permit him to do otherwise, because the reptile was made by the same Eternal Wisdom that created man.

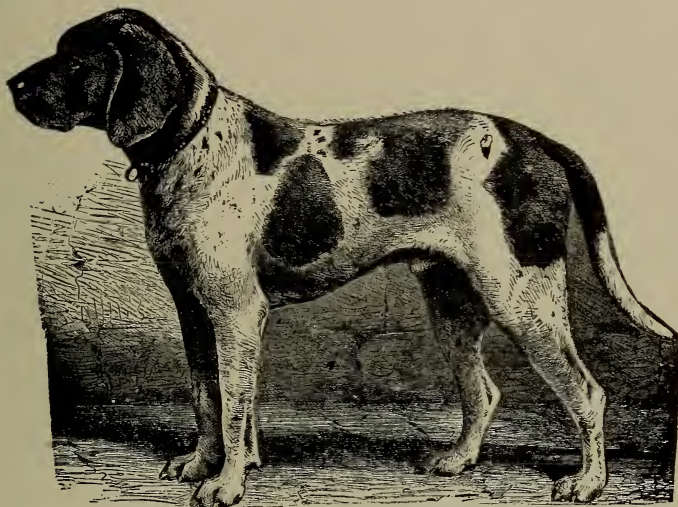
XL.

“BARCO,” THE GREAT.

What dog wouldn't love to be Barco, the great.
He saved many souls from a horrible fate,
The house was on fire, up the stairs Barco ran,
Barking, “Out of this place as quick as you can.”

When his master and all were safely outside,
He thought of canary for whom he'd have died.
Through fire and smoke he flew to the top
And saved the sweet singer, who was named Yellow Pop.

Barco was one of the finest specimens of the St. Bernard species. He was gigantic in size and powerful, a watch-dog in every sense of the word. He not only watched



the grounds, stables and carriage house, but the residence also; this was his most important charge. He was kept in the house all night. His sleeping place was in the area in the rear of the house—which was enclosed with a high iron fence, and the door from the area leading to the basement, was kept open, so he could enter the house and go to the top floor if he wished to do so, or if it became necessary. He was better than any watchman, because he slept very lightly. The least noise would wake him and

a burglar would fare pretty badly in trying to rob the house. Barco rarely barked, but when he did there was a reason for it. His bark resounded through the halls like the roar of a master lion.

Some of his many acts of thoughtfulness and wonderful deeds will remain in the memory of his master and others while they live. One in particular, for which he deserves a monument when he no longer guards the possessions of his master.

One night, long after the family had retired and were sleeping soundly, they heard Barco barking in the most terrific manner and jumping against the doors of the sleepers' rooms, rousing them to a great danger. The house was on fire. It began on the first floor and the flames were ascending the front stairs. Barco succeeded in getting all the inmates up, and they escaped down the back stairs. When everybody, servants and all were safely outside, Barco remembered the little canary in a cage, hanging in the top hall near a window. Away he ran upstairs, two steps at a bound. When he reached the hall where the cage hung, he made a spring and fastening his claws in the wire lattice work of the cage, and giving it a pull, the cord holding it broke, and down it fell. Just at the moment, a fireman arrived and carried the cage downstairs and out of harm's way, when he placed it on the ground, Barco, out of joy and dog happiness over his success in saving the sweet little bird from death, barked and jumped over the cage, and acted as if in a delirium of ecstasy and pleasure. Of course, he was patted and hugged in the most affectionate manner—for if he had not aroused the family they might all have burned to death. No human being could have done more than Barco did. No person could have run upstairs so quickly and waked them.

This memorable act gave the dog great fame, and he was regarded by all as the most intelligent and greatest dog of the time. With the burning of the house, nearly everything in it was lost—very few things were saved. Barco took the misfortune greatly to heart. Often he was seen looking at the ruins with a most serious air. The earth did not seem as bright to him as before. But only a few weeks passed when his master began the removal of the ruins, and soon the foundations for a new house was begun. When the walls were a few feet above the ground, Barco noticed what was being done, and evidently comprehended the fact that a new house was under way. He would run along the walls and look at the workmen, wag his tail and show his pleasure in different ways. He realized that a new house was going up, and in a little while, the family and all would return to the old place with its beautiful grounds, the old familiar trees, the shady walks, the spring where he had slaked his thirst a thousand times, and the many sweet memories that clustered about it. During the building, the family lived in a house nearer the shore, and Barco could be seen daily lying on the sandy beach, basking in the sunshine, enjoying the crisp salt air, and watching the great ships sail by, with a look of wonder and astonishment. But at night he was never absent, but guarded the house like a lone sentinel.

Along the shore of the ocean where Barco's master lived, was a driveway extending quite a distance, and at one point it ran near the edge of a precipice nearly a hundred feet to the bottom. One evening the family were driving in a carryall along this road, and when near the dangerous cliff, the horses became frightened and unmanageable—making a plunge forward they jerked the lines out of the driver's hands and ran towards the

dangerous wall. Barco was with them, and taking in the situation, lost no time in springing in front of the horses, and, fastening his teeth in the lower jaw of one of them he checked their speed. The driver sprang from the vehicle and got hold of the lines, and in a moment had control of them, but only just before reaching the dangerous point. To Barco was due the credit of saving six lives for the second time.



XLI.

JOAN, FAITHFUL DOG, WATCHED BY DEAD BODY OF HIS MASTER FOR THREE DAYS.

A gentleman with a large estate and many servants had occasion to send a considerable sum of money to a distant point, to pay for a piece of land adjoining his place that he had purchased, and which was to be paid for on

a certain date. He sent his most faithful and reliable servant with the money. The servant was always accompanied on his journeys by a big dog. The servant started early in the morning and followed a route that led him through a forest by which the distance was shortened more than by taking the main road. When the sun had gone down, and night was settling beneath the horizon, and he was about to emerge from the woods, robbers attacked him, and killed him, taking the money. The dog was severely wounded in the encounter. From the appearance of the crushed and broken bushes, there must have been a fierce conflict before the thieves accomplished their purpose. For three days the dog kept guard over the dead body of the man without having either food or water. When the servant did not return at the time he was expected, the master made a search for him, and knowing that he went by the short way, followed that path and found the dead body and his dog wounded and bloody sitting by his side. Persons passing near where the body lay saw the dog watching something, but they did not go near enough to see what it was, the grass and weeds being high, and the dog gave fierce growls when anyone approached. Many bear testimony to the care and ceaseless vigil of the wounded dog over the dead body.

Several months after the brutal murder of the faithful servant, a gathering of the men in the neighborhood a little distance off, took place. The master was there; his dog, who had recovered from his wound, was with him. They had not been there very long, when the dog sprang upon two vicious-looking men—first upon one, then upon the other—tearing their clothing and lacerating their flesh in the most savage manner. They afterwards confessed that they were guilty of the murder.



XLII.

A DOG GAVE UP ITS LIFE TO SAVE ITS MASTER FROM DROWNING.

One of the most touching and deeply pathetic stories of devotion and sacrifice, is the following account of a dog giving its life to save its master from drowning. The man was fishing—standing near the end of a log that extended far out in the water where the depth was twice the height of the man, and where the current was strong. The log was slippery and the fisherman fell into the water. He could not swim, and after strug-

gling to keep his head above water until exhausted, went under. At the moment of the accident, his dog, a small one, was some distance away, but coming up to the end of the log just as his master rose to the surface, jumped in and caught hold of his clothing at his chest and tried to hold his head out of the water and swim to the shore. But the man was too heavy for the poor dog, and they went down together. Two men that were in a boat, arrived near enough to see a great commotion in the water, as a life and death effort was being made by the man and dog. Later the bodies were recovered. The dog's teeth were inserted in his master's clothing just below the throat, the forelegs embracing his body as far as they could reach, and the man's arms were clenched about the faithful dog. The dog could have swum ashore and saved its life when it found that it could not save its master, but the noble creature preferred to go down to death with the one it loved, rather than desert him. Such a deed performed by a son or brother of the drowned man would receive the praise of mankind. How much more glorious was the sacrifice, because it was only a dog, guided solely by instinct and affection.

XLIII.

AMERICAN DOGS.

American dogs have a history of a hundred years or so.
 What dog of any nation can make as good a show?
 They have led all dogs in the progress of the years.
 Have enjoyed much pleasure, but also dropped some tears.

At the outset they had trouble, with their mother, they
 couldn't agree,
 'Twas nothing of greater moment than a fuss over a cup
 L. of tea.

But it caused discussion and strife and lasted for seven
years,

When they were left to manage alone, which they did with-
out any fears.

A second contention arose in eighteen hundred and twelve.
It was settled the same as before and again they were left
to themselves,

The quarrel with their mother being settled forever
To make life worth living was their earnest endeavor.
They welcomed the dogs of all lands, and offered a farm
to whoever would call.

A noble and generous deed and to many it was a rain-fall.
They turned their minds to inventions and at once took
the lead of all nations.

The first great achievement they scored was steam for
navigation.

They built the first locomotive and ran the first train.
The skeptical told them it couldn't be done. They must
be a little insane.

They did a great deal of sewing and did it all by hand.
Now they run a machine that is heard all over the land.
Instead of cutting the grass and raking the hay,
They sit on a mower and make of it play.
They used to cut wheat with a cradle; it was hard work,
heavy and slow.

Now it's a two-horse reaper that jauntily lays the wheat low.
They once thrashed wheat with horses, it was primitive
in the extreme,—

Instead a cylinder does it, and the power that moves it is
steam.

They studied many theories of power, they depended so
much on fire,

Now they just touch a button and it comes to them over
a wire.

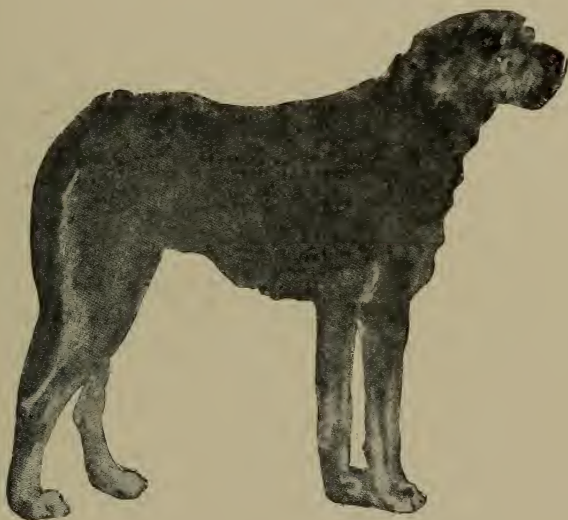
Many horses are now happy, because they have nothing
to do,

For old Mother Shipton's prediction has to the letter come
true.

She said wagons without horses would be the great rage.
We have them now in the automobile stage.

Twenty miles is a hard walk on the old turnpike.

Nothing at present on an easy-going bike.



XLIV.

EACH DOG HAS HIS DAY:

The crumbling palaces tell it and you can read it with-
out an X ray.

No matter what race or country, that each dog has his
day.



XLV.

DOGS OF DIFFERENT LANDS.

The British dog is big and comes of a vigorous race,
No other dog in Europe has traveled at such a pace.
He has journeyed with the earth in its course around
the sun,
Fighting many battles and in most of them has won.

XLVI.

GERMAN DOG.

The Teutonic mastiff, with his philosophic mind,
Sends forth great stores of wisdom from the land where
flows the Rhine.

With much thoroughness he studies and excels most other
dogs,

For he knows just where he's going and is never lost in fogs.
He has a noble heritage bequeathed by Frederick the Great,
Which from small beginnings has become a large estate,
In war he's been victorious, his eagles soaring high,
In peace no less successful, what dogs can pass him by?

XLVII.

THE MEXICAN DOG.

The Mexican dog knows sorrow, and has suffered many
woes.

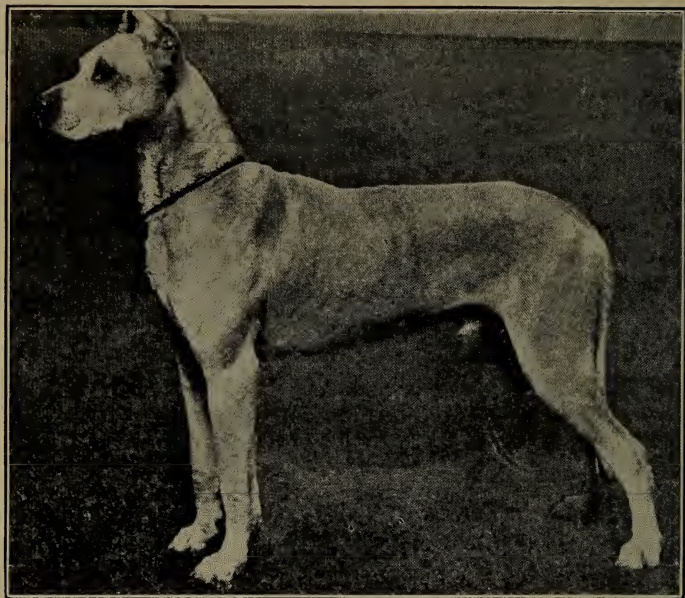
But invaders all took warning when Maximilian found
repose.

XLVIII.

THE DOGS OF GREECE.

Old dogs of Greece, your bark still echoes 'round the
globe.

For art and learning, none wear your robes.



XLIX.

RUSSIAN DOG.

Russia, kingdom of the Czar and the Nihilist as well,
Have some good dogs who in many things excel,
But a hundred millions neither read nor write,
To them life's battle is a hard and up-hill fight.

L.

THE TURKISH DOG.

The Turkish dog owes a debt that one day must be paid.
And 'twill not be long, till all join in the raid.



LI.

FRENCH DOG.

The French dog has a record as long as the River Seine,
He met his Waterloos, but withal is a little vain.
If his nights were not turned into day with headaches to
fuddle his brain,
He could take his stand with the mightiest and not be on
the wane.



LII.

NETHERLAND DOG.

The Netherland dogs have a history that for courage is almost sublime.

They passed through many conflicts, but achieved success in time.

Giving all they had to their country, their lives and treasure as well.

With promptness they shouldered their muskets at the sound of a Netherland bell.

LIII.

SWISS DOGS.

One day in nineteen hundred, amid the jingling of cow-bells,

This story had its birth in the land of William Tell.

The spot was on a mountain of broad expanse and purest air,

Not far from Dent du Midi and near the Chamossaire.

The people are simple and honest, and to dumb animals
kind.

They crack their whips at the horses, but to beat them never
enters their minds.

Oh, it's a beautiful country of mountains and valleys fair,
Not far from Dent du Midi and near the Chamossaire.



The snow covers all the mountains, while near it is genial
and warm.

Above are snowdrifts and glaciers, below not even a storm.
It's a region of legends and stories historically rare,
Not far from Dent du Midi and near the Chamossaire.
Beyond the Savoy Mountains, we see the Saint Bernard,
Where dogs perform hard labor without the least reward.
For man they give their lives, and any hardships bear,
Not far from Dent du Midi and near the Chamossaire.

Go where you will in Switzerland, the dogs have a glorious name.

Their history dates back many centuries, with each they increase their fame.

Milk carts and wagons they draw, and many other burdens bear,

Not far from Dent du Midi and near the Chamossaire.



LIV.

THE IRISH DOG.

There are fine dogs in the Isle where the shamrock grows,
Who have never turned their backs, no matter who the
foe.

They have struggled, fought and bled for liberty and land,
And to dogs in other fields, have lent a helping hand.



LV.

CHINESE CANINE.

The Chinese dog was happy when no stranger crossed his
wall,
But he had no thought of trouble when he asked some
dogs to call,
And was innocent of schemes, and of foreign tricks of
trade.
He believed in the great Confucius, but let missionaries
make raids.
This poor dog is now in danger of becoming a heathen
martyr.
For the dogs of other nations all refuse to give him quarter.

Hard lines have been John's lot with dogs of every kind,
Turn which way he will, by each he is left behind.
No doubt, they'll pick him to pieces before they leave his
trail,
And all that's left of the yellow dog will be a little pig tail.



LVI.

THE HEBREW DOG.

The Hebrew dog is keen, and in commerce makes his
way.

Always ready for a trade, and always makes it pay.
In clothing he succeeds, and bargains gives to all.
His clothes fit every time like paper on the wall.

He will sell you for three-fifty, a twenty-dollar suit,
And if you insist upon it, will give you a watch to boot.
And should you need suspenders,—
They are fifteen cents a pair.
The quality is the finest, and the styles will make you
stare.

And his neckties, oh, my gracious, buy one of his four-
in-hand.
You will look like Kaiser William, when he rides before
the band.
Und, mein freint, if you require some patent-leathers,
His shoes wear in any kind of weather.
'They are proper for the parlor, when you company enter-
tain,
And never lose their shine if you're caught out in the
rain.

LVII.

THE POLISH PEDDLER DOG.

The Polish dog is a peddler, and wears a saintly smile.
He sells his wares for less than cost, and carries them
many miles.
He will sell you some fine laces for thirteen cents a yard,
To buy them for three dollars, you would find it very
hard.

He keeps good pins and needles that every dog will need,
And don't you want a thimble and a string of pretty
beads?

He often meets hard luck in selling his leetle t'ings,
But his stock of perseverance in the end much comfort
brings.

Should you have the courage his statements to dispute,
It would make him most unhappy, as he deals in first-
class truth.

Never snub a peddler dog, for you know not what you
do.

He has a priceless heritage, is one of the chosen few.

I would not snub the peddler, the Lord is on his side.
While he has done much walking, some day you may see
him ride.

I would not snub the peddler, his life is hard enough.
Resentful is he never, with grace he takes rebuffs.

He may not always peddle with a load upon his back,
But in the whirligig of time, become a banker, and ride
in a private hack.

Never snub the peddler, you know not what may come.
You may some day wish a note to discount, to meet a coming
dun.

Never snub the peddler, for in politics he may rise.
Any insult you would give him might lose you a costly
prize.

Never snub the peddler or any other dog,
For you never know when you may wander into fogs.

I know one who was often snubbed by other dogs in hapless
days,

But now he's way on top, and drives two dappled grays.

LVIII.

DOGS OF LARGE CITIES.

The New York dogs are numerous, and of variety great,
Some get up quite early, while others rise very late.
Thousands are very poor, and glad of a crust of bread,
Some have all they want, and many are over-fed.

The Chicago dog is long, broad and tall, and much vapor
does he carry,
This you will soon discover when his opinions he will air.
No houses are so high nor have so many rooms,
And who can show a town that has so many booms?
They have the Board of Trade where country lambs are
fed,
And if they stay a week, will sleep without a bed.
The advice of all good dogs is, from Chicago keep away,
For if the brokers do not get you, anarchists are seeking
prey.

The Boston dog is wise, shrewd and calculating.
To gain his friendship other dogs must have good rating.
Correct speech in conversation is essential,
And if no mistakes occur he will treat you confidential.
But your T's must be crossed and your I's must be dotted,
Or from his visiting list you will be forever blotted.

The St. Louis dog is Frenchy by descent, and of lineage
fine.
He would rather have good blood than a dozen silver
mines.

The Philadelphia dogs are slow, but certain of their ground,
With Independence Hall to give them great renown,
For it declared for freedom and liberty for all,
And to those who wish this blessing they extend a call.

The Milwaukee dogs are a curious combination,
They come from over the sea, from forty different nations.

Louisville dogs are brilliant, but in a way erratic.
On the smallest provocation their pistols are emphatic.

The Minneapolis dog is young, large and strong,
Possesses the highest character, and sings a beautiful song.

Nearby is St. Paul; she has many splendid dogs,
They are optimistic, and are never found in fogs.

The Baltimore dog is handsome, and lives on old traditions,
He has dignity and courage, and is sure of his position.

The Washington dog has a care-worn look and a tired
gait,

The result of working very hard and sitting up late.
The demands of his constituents are often very great.
When you take into account he receives so little bait.

The dogs of Congress are a varied and curious collection.
Many offer bills and others make objections.

The country dog, who an appointment seeks, has, at first,
no doubt of his success,
But after staying many weeks, concludes he was mistaken,
and it's something of a guess.

The dogs of Indianapolis, in the great, old Hoosier State,
Have their lamps always lighted, and do not believe in
fate.

The Buffalo dogs are clever, and honest to the core.
They live very near Niagara, and almost hear it roar.
They boast of their asphalt pavements of two hundred
miles or more.
And of their great prosperity, and the wealth they have
in store.

LIX.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CANINE.

He has many letters to answer from his
Constituents dear.
They think it a compliment to him if they
Write each day in the year.

The townsman is after an office while the
Countryman wants some seed.
The third is easily suited,
He would like a few speeches to read.

LX.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the village of Falling Waters, on the shore of our classic
Rhine,
There lived a queer old fellow, who spent his money for
wine.
His name was Rip Van Winkle, with no friend on earth
but one.
It was a dog named Schneider, who was faithful as the
sun.

The dog was Rip's companion from the morning he was
born,
And always at his side whether in sunshine or in storm.
In later years, old Rip repented of the sin of drink and
shame,
But he wished it known by all the village that his dog
was not to blame.

Jero was the name of a great big Dane,
Who had never been further than the end of the lane.
He thought to broaden his horizon and cultivate his mind,
He would have to do some traveling, and meet dogs of
different kinds.
So he started off one morning, with ambition in his mind,
And wondered what experience in the city he would find.
He had hardly crossed its threshold when a steerer
chanced his way,
Who, with much politeness, said, "Have you brought to
town some hay?"
"No," responded Jero, "I merely came to see."
"Oh," said steerer, "may I be a guide for thee?"
"I expect I'll need a guide, but what will be your fee?"
"I will charge you nothing, for a pleasure it will be."
"How can you afford so much time to give to me?"
"Because with me it's a profession, don't you see?"
"Yes, I see."

The brightest dog in the Orient is the civilized Japanese.
In war he adopts good methods; just ask an old Chinese.
His manners are perfectly gentle, and his heart is kind
and true.
You should never regret a visit to the land of the Mikado.

The Holland dogs have a record which time cannot efface,
They have always stood for principle, and never asked
for grace.

The Huguenot dogs were a noble band.
For liberty of conscience, they would live in any land.

The grave and solemn mastiff in the ancient city of Rome,
Has sincerest pity for dogs that have no home.

Nicolas was a dog of Roman birth and royal descent,
Kept watch over his master while sleeping in his tent,
And never left his side in the battle's fiercest roar,
But was a splendid soldier from surface to the core.

A French dog with a black goatee,
Had an encounter with a German dog, "see."

Felix was exclusive, and dog chums he did not crave.
He had only human friendships and to them devotion
gave.

From Sherman comes a dog, and Shacobus is his name.
He swore by William No. Two, and Bismarck, all the same.

Another dog from Sherman comes dat went by the
name of Schnitzel.
All he wants to make him happy was smearcase and pret-
sels.

A musical dog was Orrian, and for singing won much
fame.
He promptly honored all requests, no matter from whom
they came.

Some dogs make many excuses when asked to sing a song,
Not so with singing Orrian, he never did things wrong.

The dogs of India, the land of Himlayan Peaks and the
early sun,
Study occult science, and care nothing for fun.

The London dog is grand, and tremendously imposing,
Has always been on time, and was never found dozing.

The Berlin dog is slow, and studies very hard,
But when a thing he learns it never can be barred.

The African dog is dark, and, as a rule, suspicious.
His treatment has been bad, and by some dogs most
malicious.

The Egyptian dogs are old, and deal in metaphysics.
Their monuments tell the story in their ancient hier-
oglyphics.

The Austrian dogs are busy, as busy, as little bees.
They sing all day and night the charming Tyrolese.

The Filipino dog is a quality uncertain and a quan-
tity unknown,
But of one thing there's no doubt, he does not want our
bone.

The Italian dog rare music makes,
While his monkey a collection takes.

With a heavy eye and a dreamy look,
The German dog is fond of his book.

The noble Suisse with his master goes out walking,
For good breeding he is famous, and does little talking.

Russia's dog wears furs and rides in a sleigh.
Isn't at all particular what anyone may say.

The Turkish dog of goodness bare,
Manufactures rugs that are very rare.

Erastus had a preaching dog, and they called him old
Infernal,
He would no more miss a horse race, than would a Ken-
tucky colonel.

Farmer John had a dog by the name of Elam Pugh,
He was a busybody and kept the village in a stew.

An English dog by the name of Barlow,
Started on a visit to Monte Carlo.
Advice was not heeded, on spending he was bent,
And before the week was passed, he had lost every cent.

LXI.

SCRUPULOUSLY HONEST.

A farmer and his son went one morning to a distant part of the extensive farm of several thousand acres, with the intention of working there all day, and took with them a basket of food. Before noon, they received a call to return to the house at once, as one of the smaller children had met with an accident. They started immediately, and in the hurry, forgot all about the basket of food.

The farmer had an old dog, named Saturday Afternoon. (The name was given him because he acted in a most peculiar manner on Saturday afternoons. He had gotten a sort of half holiday notion in his head,—he always protested with loud barks when the horses or oxen were hitched-up for work, on the last half day of the week.) The old dog remained as guardian over the basket of food all day and the following night, until the next morning. When the farmer and son returned to the spot to prosecute their work, they found the dog guarding the basket, though he had not touched a single thing. When the honest old dog, hungry and thirsty, saw them coming, he ran towards them and then back to the basket, seeming proud that the basket was just as his master had left it, undisturbed, although he was suffering from hunger. What would be said of a man possessing a character so honest, so loyal, so trustworthy, and absolutely incorruptible as the faithful dog? He would be canonized a saint, and become a theme for poets.

LXII.

SHORT STORIES OF INTELLIGENT DOGS.

In Paris, a dog caught a thief in the act of robbing its mistress's pocket of her purse. The dog made the fact known to its mistress by barking—pulling at her dress, and seizing the thief by the leg. He at once returned the purse.

A lady after reaching the age of seventy-five years, was compelled by the circumstances of her experience through a long life, to believe in the immortality of dogs, if man

is immortal. She had always owned dogs, and to the credit of the canine race, not one had ever proved unfaithful towards her, while from man she had suffered untold wrongs, and unkind treatment.

LXIII.

THE PAPER AND MAGAZINE DOG.

QUILL.

A gentleman related the following story of his dog that would go after his morning paper, and for a monthly magazine, he was in the habit of reading. The paper was one penny. On one occasion the newsdealer had sold all of the papers when the dog called for his master's paper. The dealer gave the dog a copy of another daily, selling at the same price, but Quill declined to accept the substitute, and shook his head, and seemed greatly provoked, that he could not be furnished with the paper he wished—that his master read daily. The newsdealer sent his boy to another stand a block or two away, and there secured a copy and brought it to Quill, who was much delighted. When the paper was given him, he examined it most critically, and acted as if he thought an attempt was being made to palm off something that was not what he wanted. When the date of publication for the magazine arrived, Quill was shown a former copy and given a shilling, and the fact made known to him that a copy was desired, he would go at once to the newsdealer and put his nose on the magazine his master wished, and put down the money. Once when he visited the dealer for the magazine, it had not reached him, and Quill looked all over the magazines

on the counter, and turned them over, searching for the one he was sent for, and making the place look as if it had been struck by a small cyclone. The money was returned to him, and the newsdealer wrote a note to Quill's master, telling him that the magazine had not come.



LXIV.

WIRK.

This dog was unique in his way. He was a great pet of the grandmother in the family where he belonged. She attended to the feeding of the chickens and gathering the eggs. The dog was accustomed to following her when she went after the eggs with the basket. Some of the nests were under bushes, and difficult to reach. The grandmother taught Wirk to go under the bushes after the eggs, which he enjoyed doing, and every day, when the first hen began to cackle, indicating that she had depos-

ited an egg in the nest, Wirk would jump almost as high as a fence, and run to the grandmother, and pull at her dress, trying to let her know that it was time to go after the eggs, as he heard a cackle. The grandmother concluded she could teach him to take the basket and get the eggs. She gave him the basket, and pointed towards the hennery, giving him to understand what she wished him to do. Wirk comprehended her meaning, and at once bounded off at a furious rate, and gathered the eggs, and brought them to his mistress, setting the basket down in front of her, barking and wagging his tail with pride over his success in fetching them.

But one day Wirk met with a mishap. After he had gone into the barnyard with the basket to collect the eggs, the gate was closed by some one, and he could not return to the house in the usual way. After barking a time and no one appearing, he attempted to go through the space between the two top rails or boards of the fence, and the opening being too small for him and the basket, he very naturally made a mess of it. He jumped, and the rim of the basket struck the fence, and out went most of the eggs in a broken mass. Poor Wirk was in a peck of trouble. He set the basket down and gathered up the broken shells. Some of the shells held portions of the egg, and in picking them up, he got his mouth, lips and jaws, and the lower part of his head all smeared with the yellow of the egg, giving him a most grotesque and reckless look.

He began barking. When the grandmother heard him, she went to the gate, opened it, and the sight of the wrecked eggs and Wirk's unsavory condition, drove her into spasms from laughter.

LXV.

JUMBO AND DOT.

Two dogs could not have been in greater contrast than the big Newfoundland Jumbo, and the little black and tan, Dot. They both belonged to the same master.

Jumbo was a dog of the very best character in general; but he would sometimes fight other dogs. It seemed to be his one besetting sin. He was so big and powerful that he usually got the best of his victims, and escaped with very little injury himself. But his bad example cost poor little Dot many a day's suffering, for between the two dogs there existed an attachment so close that one was never seen without the other. They ate their food out of the same dish, and when Jumbo went to sleep, Dot always climbed to his neck and took a nap himself, almost hidden from view in his shaggy hair.

When Jumbo started out to fight a dog, Dot always played the same part in the game, though he had been hurt so many times that one would have thought he might have learned wisdom by experience. While Jumbo attacked from the front, Dot attacked from the rear, by setting his teeth firmly into the enemy's tail; and no matter whether he were up or down, Dot still held on, with the result that he was often flung into the air, and as often beaten to the ground. It was the opinion of everybody who saw one of these fights that Dot would have died rather than let go.

When he emerged from the *mêlée* bruised and covered with dirt, his delight knew no bounds at the way Jumbo treated him; for the great fellow never failed to help clean his little assistant up, by washing him with his tongue, and rubbing his great paws over him.

It was a pity that such a good hearted dog as Jumbo

seemed, at such times could not have learned the self-control which would have taught the little fellow who looked to him for a leading, better tricks.



LXVI.

THE BOOT AND SLIPPER DOG.

LAMBKIN.

An old Scotch minister had a dog who brought his master's slippers when he reached home at night, and took his boots to the servant to be polished, and carried

them back to his master's door in the morning. If the door was closed he would give a bark, to let him know that his boots were at the door. Should the door be closed at night, so he could not enter for the boots, he'd bark, and when admitted take them and leave at once.

When there were visitors, he would take their footwear to the servant to be polished and return them to their proper rooms without mistakes.

As a member of his master's household he performed with the greatest propriety his part of the hospitality of the home. No one ever visited the clergyman who was not impressed with the dignity and gracious bearing of his dog, Lambkin, a fine specimen of a collie. Lambkin's face indicates character and much intelligence. His master always treated him as if he possessed a soul, and believed if he could talk, that he would astonish all with his wisdom.

LXVII.

ROAN.

Roan was a dog with a poetic imagination.
He loved the beautiful, no matter what the station.

One of the most curious dogs in the city of Boston, was Roan, who enjoyed only the beautiful things in life. He was depressed by gloomy weather, or anything that partook of the dismal side of existence. If he saw an old man with a crutch, or a blind woman, or a poor badly-fed horse, pulling a big load, or if the sun did not shine, and the streets were muddy, or the pavements not well swept, or he saw ragged children going to school, or a horrid man beating a donkey, or an Italian making a

monkey dance in the snow, or heard boys use bad language, and saw girls quarreling over trifles and doing unkind things to each other, or a poor dog limping from being struck with a stone by some one who delights in hurting animals, or saw a mother bird in distress over the loss of her young that were stolen from her nest, or if the moon were hidden behind clouds, or the stars unseen, all these things produced in him a feeling of unutterable sadness and sorrow. After going about



through the crooked and winding streets of the city, he would go to his home, and weep over the experience he had passed through in observing the dark features of life, the unhappy conditions of living creatures carrying burdens almost too heavy to bear, with no prospects of anything better than one long, rayless night of struggle and toil. But it is said, "Every cloud has a silver lining," and so it was with Roan's spirits; they would go up and down like a barometer.

When all the following events come about,
Roan will feel that the millennium has arrived.
The police can be discharged—the missionaries called
home, and armies disbanded.

When corporations have souls,
When all speech shall be in one language,
And the eleventh commandment in active practice.
When men are respected for their moral worth—
And not on account of a massive scarf-pin spread over
a shirt-front.

When to be born in poverty is no disgrace,
And the Krupp cannon works are turned into a ping pong
factory.

When a tramp has optimistic views of life, after sawing
a cord of wood for a breakfast,
And the owl becomes hilarious, and sings, "Listen to the
mocking-bird."

When the organ grinder is heard no more at night,
And wheat sells for one dollar a bushel.

When cyclones burst before they reach us,
And cats become speechless, and howling dogs learn to
sing.

When every wrong will be righted,
And the unruly tongue of the scandal monger fastened
at both ends.

When great inventors will benefit by their genius,
And not be compelled to part with brain products for a
week's board.

When worry, discontent and all unhappy conditions of
man, beasts and birds are swept away into the mists
and fogs of eternal space, never to return,

And the monkey has been given the franchise.

When character alone counts,
And snobbery goes to the rag-bag.

When orators of mellifluous speech will remember that men
 have been talked to death,
And letter postage has been reduced to one cent.
When the human race take a five-years' rest,
Spent in thought and self-improvement.
When beasts of burden are treated humanely,
And profanity is heard no more.
When prize-fighting is a lost art,
And vivisection is stamped out forever by public opinion
 and legal statute.
When capital and labor fall into each others' arms.
And all humbugs become non est.
When every man does the best he can with the wit nature
 has given him,
And the fool killer has made his usual round.
When one seeking a heavenly prize, has something be-
 sides singing in a bass voice, "From Greenland's
 icy mountains,"
And fashions remain in style a month.
When the cowboy writes his mother a weekly letter of every
 word that proceeds from his mouth,
And the rainbow of hope smiles on every despondent
 soul.
When there are more Chesterfieldian coins abroad,
And less of the parvenu mint.
When mobs, revolutions and strikes have no page in his-
 tory,
And the lamb and tiger lie down together.
When a commonplace statement can be made without
 decorating it with exaggerations of elephantine pro-
 portions,
And yea, yea, and nay, nay, are in vogue.
When people with exquisite sensibilities are not compelled
 to rub against hard conditions,

And few imitators of the prodigal son run loose.
When all salute genius, great minds, learning, wits and
poets,
And not money bags.
When the mistress will not devote more than twenty-
three hours out of twenty-four to her poodle,
And everybody enjoys the measles when young.
When men stop catching fish with hooks,
And the tax schedule of the millionaires are honest.
When asses cease braying,
And the tranquil notes of the nightingale are heard
instead.
When hazing ceases,
And college boys become respectable.
When wars are ended,
And China sends for the Salvation Army.
When whips become curios, as relics of barbarism,
And chickens no longer are frightened at the sight of a
parson.
When we cease finding fault with other's errors, and over-
look stupendous faults in ourselves.
And the counterfeiter is troubled with remorse.
When old maids and bachelors are compelled to sing daily
a wedding march,
And the rich will not cut respectable, poor relations.
When every one, deep down in blank despair, will remem-
ber, there is joy behind each sorrow,
And all Chinamen are sent back to the Flowery Kingdom,
C. O. D.
When morality has reached a state that you can leave
a pocketbook on your doorstep at night, and find
it undisturbed the next morning,
And heaven's benediction has been pronounced upon trust
corporations.

When the just man shall be in evidence,
And children are no longer threatened by the bogie man.
 ("He will catch you if you don't.")
When "order," heaven's first law, becomes a reality and
 not a theory,
And the milkman's cart has rubber tires.
When Mary is not degraded to Mamie, and Victoria to
 Vic.,
And poetry can be propagated by electricity.
When gossiping becomes a painful enjoyment,
And pork and beans appear on all menus in italics,
When doing good to an enemy is a pleasure,
And the punster fades into obscurity.
When gentle manners and a quiet voice outweigh osten-
 tation and vulgar wealth,
And the despondent tramp is fired with lofty aspirations.
When the underfed and overworked horse is retired on
 a pension,
And a waiter declines tips with a scornful visage.
When the sweet and welcome musings of the babe, and
 the twitter of the birds is heard on every hand,
And the mother-in-law is a popular personality.
When anthropology and predestination and the Milky
 Way are understood by the average cab driver.
And the vocal cords of the huckster are turned to softer
 tones.
When the auctioneer is on friendly terms with the truth,
And the oyster is allowed to speak his mind.
When doing unto others, as you wish them to do unto
 you, is an every-day enterprise,
And not a holiday diversion.
When auburn-haired women and freckled-faced girls re-
 frain from wearing bright scarlet,
And serenaders play something besides the "Sad Sea
 Waves," and "Over the Hills to the Poor House."

When an office seeker resigns his claim to an office in
favor of a competitor, and prays at an open win-
dow that he may secure it,
And the stipend of the clergyman is doubled.
When a perishing world is given an outing from slang,
And novels of iridescent hues are dead stock.
When every man's word will be on a par with spot cash,
And the blustering political trickster has been lassoed.
When all lacerated hearts are healed,
And women are not compelled to do any kind of menial la-
bor.
And every community is supplied with a German band.
When monuments pierce heavenward commemorating
deeds of self-sacrifice in private life,
And the public-school teacher receives an increase.
When we shall not have in our physical being a single
ounce of misgoverned energy,
And no one so poverty-stricken in language as not to give
thanks for the return of a lost purse.
When the moral barometer indicates a high mark in char-
acter,
And every farmer endeavors to make two blades of grass
grow where only one grew before.
When the man pursuing an occupation beyond his intel-
lectual capacity, will try something less complex
And enrich the world on a lower plane.
When all will comprehend the true meaning and dignity
of life,
And the know-alls know enough to keep silent one day
in seven.
When men put forth the same consuming zeal in a good
cause, that they do in committing crime,
And the sun shines in shady places.
When all can afford Blue Points for dinner,

And drink tea out of egg-shell china.
When all men and women grow old gracefully,
And hair-dye is no longer an article of commerce.
When we set up for ourselves a high ideal, and live accordingly,
And the treasury of all churches has a surplus.
When the hard-worked tramp lies down to pleasant dreams,
And his cheeks are dimpled with emotions of future triumphs.
When anarchists practice pistol-firing upon themselves only,
And mosquitoes migrate to an uninhabited island, for a permanent stay.
When no more girl-babies are named Jerusha, Betsy, Vorgee, Triposy, and Malinda,
But instead, after fragrant flowers.
When any pension is too small for the patriot who stands between bullets and the flag.
When every farmer's boy does not declaim with pointed inflections Catiline's last speech in the Roman Senate,
And the doors of all bird cages are opened, and the winged prisoners set free.
When a South African War proclamation is read to the old market woman who sells eggs fragrant with ill-health,
And the dairyman has ceased diluting pure hydrant water with thin milk.
When every individual will have just about what suits his or her constitution,
And all legislation will be the greatest good to the greatest number.
When we have more Washingtons and Jeffersons devoting their retirement from public life to noble purposes,

And fewer ex-Presidents engaged in hooking fish and shooting birds.

When corporations divide a small percentage of their profits with employees,

And justice and equity are the ruling forces of the world.

When all act on the principle that an ounce of contentment is better than a ton of gold worriment,

And more Carnegies appear, and lift the intellectual horizon to a higher plane.

When politics becomes an honest profession,

And all yard-sticks are thirty-six inches long.

When men tell the truth in selling horses,

And a pound weighs sixteen ounces.

When women say complimentary things about other women's bonnets,

And big plaids and broad stripes go out of fashion,

When speeches in Congress are not made to the galleries,

And vegetarianism is the practice of mankind.

When tariff laws are just,

And clothing cheap.

When the jolly barber shaves you in silence; omitting the political questions of the day,

And the merits of his dandruff cure.

When a Sioux Indian kneels upon the cold, damp earth, and prays for his pale face brother,

And the chirping cricket, thrush, and blackbird sing together.

When we remember kindnesses shown us,

And forget to dwell upon our own generous deeds.

When sterling worth must no longer step aside,

And the snob go to the front.

When the cracksman changes his occupation from breaking locks,

And pursues the study of German philosophy.

When an uninterrupted silence reigns in a sewing bee,
And the members are all of one mind.
When the henpecked husband no longer sighs for a title
clear to a mansion in a foreign country,
And the nationality of Moses Skinowsky is no more in dispute.
When something to eat is given a beggar's stomach rather
than a prayer for his soul's salvation,
And sympathy is given the donkey swallowed by a boa constrictor.
When street-car conductors imbibe civility, and refrain
from "step lively," addressed to elderly people,
And the chestnut man evolves to a higher plane.
When shop girls accept gracefully their position of having
to work for a living,
When we look stern realities in the face,
And make arrangements accordingly.
When men claim position on their merits,
And do not bank entirely on the reputation of ancestors.
When we arrive at a stage of development where we are not
puffed up by prosperity or depressed by adversity,
And busybodies remember the fate of Lot's wife, who
merely looked back, but didn't say a word—salt!
When we enjoy greater pleasure in giving than in receiving,
And all honest efforts of men and women are rewarded.
When we estimate ourselves on the basis of what we are
intrinsically,
And not on what the world may say of us,
When man has reached a point where he can control
himself, an achievement greater than taking a town,
And bad men reform and cut the acquaintance of his
majesty below.



LXVIII.

ROX.

Rufus Johnson was a farmer. He lived about four miles from the town where he sold the produce he raised on his place, wheat, corn, vegetables, and fruits of various kinds. His apple orchard brought him considerable revenue. Johnson was an industrious farmer, but had a weakness for apple jack and whiskey, and every time he went to town, he got drunk. On one of his trips, when he had taken a load of apples, he indulged in so much liquid, that he was incapable of guiding his team of two old mules home. He was lucky, however, in having a dog that helped him out in emergencies. When returning home, he

always had Rox get in the wagon and ride with him. On this particular journey back to the farm, Johnson was just able to get in the wagon, and start the team homeward. Rox sat on his haunches and forefeet on the floor between the seat on which Johnson rested his limber body and the dashboard. They had not gone far, when the whiskey and apple jack Johnson had imbibed too freely, began to ferment, and he was oblivious to everything about him. He fell over, lying on the seat, his legs dangling and almost touching the floor of the wagon bed. The country between the town and Johnson's farm, was most interesting, and the village that lay between, was like a beautiful rose in a garden of flowers, and the land on both sides of the road, in a perfect state of cultivation. Here a farm with its undulating fields and grassy meadows, and beyond, a sloping hillside covered with vineyards and fruit trees, an artistic house, with out-houses painted in colonial yellow. A little farther on, on the opposite side, a handsome villa and large grounds with rare shrubbery and playing fountains, and extensive garden in the rear. A little farther along, a more pretentious abode, with statuary and plants of rarest growth and choicest flowers, and walking about like monarchs, dogs of the St. Bernard and mastiff breeds. Other places like these, were on either side of the thoroughfare.

It was an autumn day, the season of the sere and yellow leaf.

When the queer turnout of man drunk, dog and mules passed the boundary of the town, there was a glorious sunset of golden yellow. No doubt Rox enjoyed the glory of the scene, as he was in proper physical condition, and the road to the farm led westward, but the gorgeous brilliancy of the sun's setting meant nothing to

Rufus Johnson in his drunken stupor. He might claim, when told of what he had lost, that he had seen a thousand golden sunsets—but the sun never goes down twice alike.

When Johnson fell over, the reins dropped from his hands, but were picked up at once by Rox, and held firmly between his teeth, and he guided the team safely to his drunken master's home.

When the village was reached, there was something of a sensation. The wagon was followed by a numerous crowd of men and boys, such as are seen about the streets in a little hamlet in the evening. All sorts of questions were asked of Johnson while lying in his half-way horizontal position, but he was too full for utterance, and Rox was busy driving the mules; he looked neither to the right, nor to the left. The men and boys made so much noise, that Johnson roused, just enough to know there was something going on, that was a little bit out of the usual, and he called out, "Rox." This he could do when his tongue was too thick to say anything else. It was a guttural sound, though, as if it came from somewhere between his floating ribs, and was far from being as clear as a bell.

A short distance from the farm was a hill, and when they arrived there, Rox backed himself against his wretched master, to keep him from falling to the floor. Soon the gate was only a few paces away, and Mrs. Johnson was seen standing on the porch of the farm house, watching the approach of the familiar team, but Rufus was not in sight, and she noticed the crowd of boisterous men and boys, and could not make out what it all meant. She started for the gate, going down the lane that led from the road to the stable yard. Johnson was still too drunk to know where he was, but grasped the situation, when he heard the shrill, sharp voice of

his wife ring in his ears, just as the menagerie turned into the lane. When she saw the rotund form of the man she took for better or for worse thirty-five years before, her first salutation was, "Rufus, you can never go to town without getting drunk. You haven't as much sense as the dog, for Rox keeps sober."



LXIX.

ALPINE HOUND.

For clean habits and good manners none excel the Alpine
hound,
And for other exalted traits, his equal cannot be found.

Of all the different kinds of dogs in the world, the Alpine hound, of which the above is a picture, stands among the first, as a well-behaved and well-mannered dog. He never goes about with his head down, but carries himself with a lofty dignity that scorns mean things, and that would do credit to a high order of human intelligence. He never snarls or growls, and seldom barks. His habits are clean. He never lies down where his fine cream colored coat of hair would get soiled in the least. Notice how attentively he listens to the lady speaking to him, and how perfectly quiet he is, as immovable as a sphinx, or an Egyptian pyramid. He has better manners than some men and boys you have seen. They would be moving about when spoken to, resting on one foot, then on the other, and putting their hands in their pockets, and doing all kinds of unhandsome things. The hound has beautiful, expressive eyes, and refined countenance, indicating a rare and noble nature.

LXX.

STORIES OF ONE HUNDRED DOGS. INTEREST-
ING, FUNNY, AND QUEER.

Boxi had eyes large, tender and dark;
With fine, gentle ways, and a musical bark.
He made many friends, and enemies none,
And, of course, always had the best of Bath Buns.

Masso, with his innocent look and pathetic bark,
Was on friendly terms with a meadowlark.
The lark sang as a lark only can,
And when it finished its song, away it ran.

There are people who believe that dogs have souls,
And live in eternity while time ever rolls.
Be as it may, they are faithful and true,
And deserve at our hands the best we can do.

Bijou is a Newfoundland with a grave and solemn air,
With him, you must not trifle, just see his steady glare.
Sometimes he'll disappoint you with all his sterling traits,
But is in the main, reliable, and in most things up-to-date.

I am a little black and tan, not very large, but two years
old;

I have a lovely mistress who never scolds.
She gives me a daily bath, and I do not take a cold,
For she rubs me very well, and in a blanket rolls.
We then enjoy an airing in the one-horse yellow trap,
And before the time for luncheon, I take my usual nap.
I am a lucky dog, luckier than many I know,
While I have the comforts of home, others have nowhere
to go.

I think of the homeless dogs, who often go hungry to bed,
And wish I could better their lot, at least, so they were
always fed.

Squire Hopkins had a dog by the name of Trico Rough,
He carried everything before him, by a big game of bluff.

A Chinese dog by the name of Lee,
Was never accused of much talkee,
His business was to wash the entire day,
With very little time for fun or play.

Palatino was a dog very proud of his blood,
For he traced his family tree farther back than the flood.
Was invited by Noah to step aboard the ark,
Without a good reason was never known to bark.

Sisto was a poet, and verses he could write.
When his pen did something splendid,
He'd jump higher than a kite.

Saffo was bewitching with eyes so large and blue,
She thought her way of doing things the way for other dogs
to do.

Quintilo was punctilious, you could always depend on him.
Was never seen when things went right without a broad,
broad grin.

Quatro was a dog always neat, clean and cool,
And he never missed a day away from school.

Carlo was big, gentle and kind,
And kept good-natured when old and blind.

Russi was a Spanish dog, and very, very fussy.
Had a scrap with a Western chap, and came out a little
mussy.

A pert little woolly head by the name of Floridan,
Kept everybody awake, and was spanked by Mary Ann.

Ray was a dog that hated a lie,
Before acting untruthful would rather die.

Pompey was proud of his form and elegant bearing,
Bad manners and ill-breeding were to him very wearing.

Robby's little dog was called Erie Lake.
He cried all day for currant jelly cake.

An Indian dog of the Choctaw tribe,
Did his best a Chickasaw to bribe,
But the latter was honest, and the offer refused,
And for this noble act he was roundly abused.

Fiddle Joe played "Through Georgia We March,"
With flute and drum and a blazing torch.

Jumbo John has been a singer from the day he was born,
With a voice as loud as an old fog horn.
He could also sing you a song, a gentle little ditty,
As low and sweet as a young pussy kitty.

A ragged dog was Sambo Slump,
He was carried off and thrown on the dump,
For nobody liked Sambo Slump,
He was only fit for the dump, dump, dump.

An exquisite little dog was Finne Sickie Ream,
He was very fond of peach ice-cream,
When he had enough, would give his head a shake.
Never wanted more than one piece of cake.

Petro was pretty but not very good,
His head was woolly and looked like a hood.

Hanky Panky was an English pug,
He was as thick as a Dutch beer mug.

Was never happy unless in a fight,
Until one day when he got a bad bite.
Then he decided it was best to behave,
And ever afterwards when provoked, he forgave.

The fleetest dog can run a mile,
Before you can get a chance to wink or smile.

The slow and lazy dog was Toodles and always in the
way,
He looked very much like the German letter "K."

The sober dog was Hauser Cob,
He did nothing but sob, sob, sob.

An Indian dog called Snow and Rain,
Was honest and truthful, and not a bit vain.

A lovely dog was an Irish setter,
As clean and smooth as a newmade letter.
He would not mingle with common dogs,
Nor rub his paws on dirty logs,
Was always bright and very, very clever,
Had melancholy moods never, never, never.

A neat young Spaniel was Scipio Rix.
He never went away without getting in a fix.
On a recent visit to the city of Lear,
He returned late at night minus one ear.
It taught him a lesson he never forgot,
Forever after he stayed at home on his own little cot.

An Eastern dog made a Western trip,
Formed the acquaintance of a dog named Grip,

He politely asked Grip to give him a tip,
But Grip made excuses and gave him the slip.

Wampy laughed at a dog by the name of Whiz,
Whiz resented Wampy's laugh and scratched his phiz.

In the town of Dough, was a dog by the name of Rap,
He was very particular about getting his daily nap.

Jazel was a Swiss dog, and by nature romantic,
His light was never hid, for he was most pedantic.

From Ireland came a dog with slow and heavy tread.
He lived on potatoes and went early to bed.
His name was Pat O'Flarity,
And of no one did he ask charity.

An English terrier, a gay little duffer,
Was known everywhere for being a bluffer.

The Belgium dogs are proud, and have very much to do,
In giving information about the battle of Waterloo.

A Chinese dog, Sam Wah Lee,
Had a pigtail and did washee.

Though hungry and thirsty, Watch would not steal
Even a mouthful or two of the roast of veal.

They named him Cheer on the day of his birth,
And he remained cheerful while he lived on the earth.
He was happy and contented, and was never known to
scowl.

In the village where he lived no one ever heard him growl.

Marcias Madison had a dog who was big and wise-looking,
He was familiar with the classics, as well as good cooking.

A Parisian dog named Banjo Queer,
Had a dancing foot and a musical ear,
Was without reproach and had no fear.
Belonged to a club, and wouldn't drink beer.
His mouth was large and his eyes very clear,
The way he could sing would draw your tears.

Little dog Treco, was poor and without country or friends,
He wanted something to eat and a little money to spend.

Where is Wampy? He is taking tea with a country friend,
Said he would return when the fun's at an end.

Edward's Newfoundland was quaint and very curious,
On the smallest provocation, he would get in a rage most furious.

Trojan brought a prisoner in,
And received a medal of tin.

Good dogs, like good boys have many, many friends,
To them Santa Claus lots of presents sends.

Reuben's hound was named Runnymede.
He lived on air and canary seed.

In the village of Hopotop lived a dog named Toss.
He had the reputation of being something of a boss,
He thought he owned the place and all the dogs as well,
But found he was mistaken, as one can't most always tell.

Sylph was a fairy dog, with feathery wings all white,
Who floated through the clouds like a comet or a kite.
Was never heard to bark, or with other fairies fuss,
Would fly away from one who got herself in a muss.

The tricky dog was Rack Jack Mack,
He always traveled with a hammer in his pack.

The bossy little dog was Pambo Bun,
He kept all the dogs on the run, run, run.

The sweetest little terrier was Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Famed far and wide for giving away his candy.

Pop-corn Jingle belonged to Farmer Dobb,
He had a little brother by the name of Stocky Bob,
Who always said his prayers before going to sleep,
And didn't care a cent if other dogs would weep.

I am known far and wide for being tall and slim,
And go by the name of Pickaninny Jim.
My business is to travel and have some fun,
Slip into houses and steal a toothsome bun.
On a recent trip to Paris, I met little Joe.
Having a lot of sport on a lady's big toe.
He was very small, and could hide in a pocket.
And when he was discovered, would go off like a rocket.

Boodle was a pug, and as broad as he was long.
He was just as clumsy as an old Dutch tong.
Boodle was original in many of his ways.
He one day set his house on fire and went up in a blaze.
He had many times been told never to play with fire,
But he thought it was electric and just ran through a
wire.

Julius had a dog by the honored name of Sears,
He was known as a canine who was always shedding tears.

A hunting dog with a pointed face and a slender tail,
Never lost the game when once upon its trail.

A flip flop dog with a lop flop ear,
Was always mousing about to see what he could hear.
One day at eavesdropping he was caught,
And received a lesson that he felt was dearly bought.

Farmer Johnson had a dog by the name of Pious Airs.
He never went to bed without saying his prayers.

An English dog with big and brawny paws,
Was always on the lookout for dogs who broke the laws.

Little Jimmie was neat and early went to bed,
Always kept in mind what the wise dog said.
After pulling up the blanket, about the room would peep,
Then closing his little winkers, would at once go to sleep.

An Indian dog, Flat Head by name,
Went with his master after game.
He never forgot the little pappoose,
And often brought it a young wild goose.

A stylish dog was Peco Hobby,
Everybody said he was very nobby.
He wore tan shoes and a blue pink tie,
A ruffled shirt, and a collar very high.

Berty had a dog, and his name was Masso Birch.
He was very good, for he always went to church.

Royal was a bulldog, and lived in old Kentuck,
Was always ready for a fight, no matter what the luck.

The poodle is a favorite, and in carriages does ride.
He sits besides his mistress in place of a little child.

Mr. Drake had a dog who spectacles did wear.
He never went out calling when the weather wasn't fair.

Some dogs to wickedness will pander,
But they do not live with the Michigander.

I live 'way down in Dixie, on the banks of the Jumbo
River,
My name is Foxy Watsey, and with life I am all a-quiver.

The prettiest dog I saw was on his way to Rome,
To learn to speak Italian before going home.

The tallest dog I saw was five feet ten,
And was called by his friends Hoky Poky Ben.

The shortest dog in Europe was Kinky Winky Wig,
Not any longer than an infant guinea pig.

The smartest dog in Europe, is Sir John Bull,
Who has been in many a fight, and lost but little wool.

Alvin's dog whined because his name was Shuck,
He believed it was the cause of all his ill-luck.

Opulus, a California dog, with his mistress went abroad.
He could speak in any language, and was not afraid of
fraud.

Rogo was his name, and politics his profession,
His forte was scattering vapor when Congress was in session.

Mark had a dog he called Poker Patch.
He could run up a pole and send a despatch.
One day he quarreled and received a bad scratch,
Besides he got burned while playing with a match.

Tuny's little terrier she called Merry Sunshine.
He was good-natured and was never known to whine.

A rollicking dog was a German spitz,
He went by the name of Snickelfritz.
He was fond of beer and sauerkraut,
But always knew what he was about.

LXXI.

DOG SAVED A PUPPY FROM DROWNING.

A farmer had a dog who one day brought him a brood of fine pups. Two were at once denied whatever pleasure they might have gotten out of life, and when the others were a couple of weeks old, it was decided to dispense with one more. This puppy was stealthily taken away while the mother's head was turned from her young, eating food. Not far from the place was a narrow river, but rather deep in places, in which the puppy was thrown. It was taken there by two boys, one the son of the master of the place, and the other, a neighbor's boy. This neighbor had a big dog who followed the boys to the river. When the puppy was put into the

water, the dog ran in and brought it out, and laid it down in front of the boys. He did not understand that it was cast into the river purposely. His little master picked up a stick and drove him away, while the other boy threw the puppy again into the water. The big dog turned about just as the puppy was thrown in the second time, and heard the splash of the water, when he ran like a thing charged with lightning into the water and rescued the puppy a second time from drowning. But instead of putting it down in front of the boys, he carried it to his home, and laid it down behind a straw stack, and upon a bed of straw, and licked the water off of it until it was dry. He stayed right with the little thing, watching over it as a human mother would watch over her babe. When anyone came near, he growled with the fierceness of a wild beast. This act of the dog touched his master's heart, and he kept the puppy. The big dog and puppy were inseparable. They ate and slept together.

Another pathetic story is that of a Scotch terrier named Joy. The owner of Joy tells the anecdote:

One day the dog presented the family with a group of six little terriers: five of them went the way a majority of a litter usually go. They were removed when the mother was absent from the kennel. When she returned and saw only one of her puppies, she seemed dazed, and at once began a search about the yard and gardens for the lost puppies. She kept this up all day and the next morning she again went on a hunt, looking into every nook and corner about the place. In Joy's search, she went into the wood-house, where a nest of young kittens were enjoying their first days of life. They were on a bed of straw in a wooden box, crawling about and seem-

ingly very happy. Joy took the kittens one at a time, and carried them to the kennel, and laid them down beside the one lovely little puppy, and watched over them with tenderest care.

It was a singular freak in dog nature to do such a thing. But we presume the dog went on the principle that she was robbed of her puppies, and to get even with fate she stole the kittens.



LXXII.

SNOWBALL.

One of the marvelous things in dog life is their wonderful intelligence, and the many feats they can be taught to perform. Little Snowball received his name because he looked like two snowballs attached. He was perfectly white, very graceful in his movements, and would do a great many things he saw children do. He would wash

his face, put his paws in a wash-basin that was set on the floor when the children washed, and he would dash the water on his head and splash it all over his body, and make as much noise nearly as an elephant in a pond. Then he would take a towel that someone gave him, and dry himself, and afterwards take a look into a mirror, and shake himself, and look at himself sideways, and seemed delighted with his appearance.

When a number of the family started to go away from home, Snowball would kiss them good-bye. He would bark when they lifted him so he could kiss their cheek. This would please him greatly. One of his lovely traits was his thoughtfulness when anyone was asleep. He would go about quietly—make no disturbance. He would sometimes climb into bed and put his soft warm face against the sleeper, and if one snored, Snowball would snore in a way that would make a Chinese idol smile. Another trait of his was the manner in which he expressed his sympathy when one of the children got hurt and cried. He could groan and whine almost like a human being. If a child put its hands to its eyes to wipe away a tear, he would put a paw to his eyes, as if he was brushing away a tear. It was most comical.

Snowball would sometimes make a very serious mistake in imitating people. One evening he saw his master clap his hands over a lighted candle and put it out. Snowball thought that was great fun, so he watched his chance to put out a candle by clapping his paws as his master did his hands. The next evening the candle was lighted, and was placed on a table, and as it happened, a chair was near the table. He immediately jumped in the chair and then on the table, and stood on his hind legs; spread his paws and brought them together right on the burning candle and got badly scorched; all of his

woolly hair on his paws was burned off. When poor Snowball took in the situation, he got down on the floor and rubbed his paws on the carpet. This put out the fire, and when his master saw his burnt paws, he understood how he came to be so badly scorched. Going to the table and going through the motion of putting out the light, he told Snowball to get on the table and put out the light. Snowball shook his head, as much as to say, "Thank you, not if I know what I am about. I don't make the same mistake twice." Another funny experience in the career of Snowball was his taste for lapping anything in liquid form. He could take a little bottle that had a neck small enough to grasp with one paw and with the other he would pull out the cork. It was laughable to see him pull out a cork, and smell of the contents, and then take a swallow. If it hadn't a pleasant taste he would make a wry face, just as children do. One day his mistress thought she would cure him of the habit, so she put some black pepper in a bottle of vinegar, and placed it where Snowball would see it and taste of it. He took a swallow and it burned his throat so badly, he could not eat anything for days. Ever afterwards, he would bark and act ugly if anyone pointed a bottle towards him. Snowball never had to be punished but once for the same offence. He had a good memory and never forgot anything.

Snowball was delighted when he heard anyone jingle money. One of his admirers made a leather bag with a rubber cord around the mouth, to keep it closed, so the coin could not drop out. A band was attached to the bag and hung about his neck. He was very proud of his money, and would take hold of the bag with one of his paws and shake it vigorously to make it jingle.

One of the funniest things Snowball would do, was to

walk lame, imitating an old colored man who lived in the neighborhood, and used two sticks to get along with.

Snowball was fond of cats. When he was near a cat, he would draw up his back and look just as cats do when they get their backs up and are angry.

Snowball was taught to take a spoon in his right paw and dip it in a dish of milk, and take it out and lap it from the spoon. This was an extremely interesting trick, and no other dog was known to do it. He was very particular not to get a drop of milk on the floor. I have seen little boys get milk all over themselves, and on the table and floor, too.

Snowball always picked up any crumbs that might drop on the floor when eating bread or cake.

Another of Snowball's accomplishments was taking a wisp broom and sweeping the hearth. He was called the four-footed house-maid.

Snowball's master was an artist, and often he would go into his studio and see him at work. One day when the master was gone, Snowball got on the table where his brushes and paint were, and picked up a green paint brush, and began to rub it on the floor. His master returned and saw Snowball at work. He punished him for it, so that he would not some day go into the studio and ruin a painting that he had been at work on perhaps for years.

One of the cutest things Snowball did, was to go in the room where his master's little boy slept, and pull off the bed clothing, when it was time for the boy to get up. Snowball was an early riser, and he liked to see the family up and about at an early hour.

Snowball had a trick of jumping on the piano stool and getting on to the piano, and walking on the keys from one end to the other, and making all the noise he could.

He was always in a happy mood when there was music. When anyone was playing he would lie on his side, sometimes on his back and look towards the ceiling, and roll his eyes as if in a state of sublime enjoyment and ecstasy.

Snowball's attitude when the family were at morning prayers, with his right paw over his eyes was so funny, that it was very hard for anyone to keep a straight countenance. He was spoken of as the little white praying saint.

Snowball was quite an epicure and fond of delicacies. He liked candies. One of the little boys of the family had a red and white piece of stick-candy in his mouth. When the little boy sat down, Snowball jumped into his lap and caught hold of the candy and pulled it out of his mouth, and held it in his own just as the little boy did. He scampered away as fast as he could run. The little boy thought it was the smartest thing he ever saw a dog do, and when he had stick-candy afterwards, he always gave Snowball a piece.

One of the things that gave Snowball as much fame or more than any of his other traits and accomplishments, was the good manners he observed when eating. When he celebrated his third birthday, he invited six of his intimate dog friends. His master had a low table made for the occasion, with low chairs to match. When Snowball saw it, he was in a very hilarious state of mind, and jumped in one of the chairs. His master made him put his paws under the table, just as well-bred boys and girls do when at table. When Snowball told the dogs to begin their repast, one of the dogs who was not as well brought up as Snowball was, wanted something on the other side of the table from where he sat and jumped upon the table to help himself. He knocked over the pitcher of milk, splashing it all over everything and mak-

ing a very bad mess of it. Snowball was greatly humiliated at the dog's manners, and got hold of the bad dog and pulled him from the table and to the door, and made him go home and never invited him again to his house. The other dogs behaved pretty well, except one who used both paws to hold his food when eating, instead of one.

Snowball was fond of flowers, and when anyone came to the house that he had seen there before, he would go in the flower garden and break off a rose or some other kind of flower and give it to the visitor, and bark, as if he was very happy to be allowed the privilege of giving flowers.

Snowball was noted for his thoughtfulness in being perfectly quiet when in the house. He never disturbed the family, but moved about like a fairy. He has been known to climb upon one's knees so quietly, that the person did not know he was there, until they saw him or felt his soft, woolly coat.

Snowball grew to be quite old, and one day he was found stretched out beneath a large snowball tree, dead. It was such a fitting place for him to die, as Snowball was his name, and he looked like snowballs. They dug a hole at the very spot where he died and buried him, covering his grave with a mountain of flowers of many kinds.

LXXIII.

PARIS POLICE DOG.

SEINE.

The police department of Paris employ Newfoundland dogs to watch along the banks of the river Seine, and rescue persons falling in accidentally, or who throw them-

selves in purposely to end unhappy lives. Recently one of the police dogs dived into the river and brought to shore a man tired of life, and who had jumped into the water, that it might close over him, and end the miserable existence that had been his lot. Fate seemed



ever against him. Nothing came into his experience that made life worth living. The blue sky overhead might cheer others, but to him it meant no joy. Even the right to end a wretched career was denied him by the dog that felt it a duty to save him from the drowning death he sought.



LXXIV.

FAIRY DOGS HAVE A DANCE.

Orion was a mother dog. She had four little puppies, and when they grew up to be large enough to dance fairy-like, she sent word to all well-behaved fairy dogs to a coming out dance of her young puppies. Her invitations required that all who accepted, must come dressed either in silk tissue, swiss, or gauze, in colors or white. In that, however, they could use their own discretion. In her cards of invitation she mentioned that to keep out uninvited dogs, she wished a password used, and when they appeared at the door, to say, "wah, wah." As the evening for the recep-

tion approached all was astir in the village, and the dogs who were not invited were, of course, very much disappointed. But Orion would not entertain dogs who failed to observe all of the proprieties of good dog society. When the evening arrived for the dance all was excitement about Orion's house, the air was filled with beautifully dressed fairy dogs flying about in a happy frame of mind, and as one after another flopped their wings against the door and barked "wah, wah," Orion and her four little puppies would receive them by flopping their wings, which meant welcome. When all had arrived the music began, and the dancing was started by Orion calling out, "Choose your partners," then for hours, the atmosphere was breezy with the flutter of their fairy wings.



LXXV.

DOGS MAY COME AND DOGS MAY GO, BUT
SPEED GOES ON FOREVER.

One of the most remarkable dogs that ever lived went by the name of Speed. He was never known to walk, but always ran straight ahead. No matter what appeared in his way, he would jump over or under or through it.

One day he started on a journey to the village, and

flying along like a race-horse, he dashed into an old country woman trudging along in the middle of the road, on her way to market with a basket of eggs. As Speed whirled by her, the basket went in one direction, the eggs went off and up like sky-rockets, and the old lady was dumbfounded. She picked up her basket, and watched Speed as he dashed along. Then she espied in the distance an old colored man walking in the middle of the road, and she chuckled to herself, wondering what would happen to the old darky when the crazy dog, as she called him, caught up with him. "See how the rascal is running," she said to herself, "he is very near the old man, he has caught up!" Speed poked his head between the old colored man's legs and upset the old chap, who tumbled over on the ground before he knew what had happened. He opened his eyes, and said, "I declar', this a great insult to Deacon Smith, and I want to know who frowed me down!"

Then he saw Speed racing ahead, and he was very angry to think that he was knocked over by a dog. But as he was a good Christian, he did not use profane language. Speed flew along, and presently overtook a countryman with a load of hay going to market. The man sat on top of the hay and was right in Speed's way, so Speed jumped over the hay and struck the man's hat, and away it flew over a fence into a field. It was all so sudden, the man did not know what hit him, but in looking ahead of his horses, he saw a dog racing like a mad thing, hopity, skipity, jump.

When Speed got to the end of the road there was a house in his way, and through it he went, making a big hole and upsetting a water pitcher on a table and deluging a colored girl by the name of Jerushy, who was making up a bed. She jumped over the stove and knocked a mirror all to pieces, and shouted, "Dis ain't no place

for dis chile, I don' wan' to stay in a house dat is hit by lightnin'. I'm goin' home. For de Lawd sake, take me back to old Virginny, where de niggahs is safe from lightnin' and sly coons. I nevah had such 'sperience in ma life. I thought for sure de Judgment Day was come." Speed ran along, and the next thing in his way was a little donkey with very long ears, who was lazy and was rarely seen to go faster than a walk or a trot. Speed jumped over his head and struck his ears and nearly knocked them off. He was flying along so fast, it almost frightened the little donkey to death. When he felt Speed's feet strike his ears and saw him disappearing in the distance, his ears became lippy as a rag and hung down the side of his face. After this experience, whenever he saw a dog, he would drop his ears. When about a mile from where Speed ran over donkey, he came up to a drove of cattle that were being driven to the town market by two men. The cattle walked close together in the middle of the road. Speed was gaining very fast. He was jumping along about five feet from the ground. His path lay between the two men, and they were so close together, that when his nose poked between them, he was going like lightning, and he knocked one of them to the right and the other to the left, and both lost their wits. They thought a cyclone and an earthquake had come together. They were almost paralyzed, and when they gathered themselves and looked ahead, the cattle were all on a stampede except five or six that were lying scattered about on the ground, who had been knocked down by Speed and were gasping for breath. The men did not know what to do. They could see Speed in the distance. He seemed about the size of a 'small kitten.

The next sensation perpetrated by Speed, was his coming in contact with Mr. Moreland, the eccentric and by

far the most widely known man in the town. Mr. Moreland always wore a full-dress suit, a silk hat, and patent leather shoes, and carried a bouquet of exquisite flowers in his left hand. He was a gentleman of severe exclusiveness, although polite, even to lifting his hat to a tradesman, or common laborer on the street. Those who were admitted to his house were few and of the most select. No one ever took any liberties with him. He possessed a rare dignity and the grace of a Chesterfield.

One day Speed was making a flying trip through the principal street of the town at a time when Mr. Moreland was walking along. It was a small town, and as the walking in the middle of the street was better than on the pavement,—most everyone took to the centre of the street. Mr. Moreland and Speed were going in the same direction, and Speed was on a direct line with the carefully dressed aristocrat. People who saw them and who knew of the dog's habits of running a bee-line, no matter who or what was in his way, wondered what would happen if Speed ran over or against Mr. Moreland. They stopped and watched the dog's progress with much anxiety. He flew along like a race-horse, nearer and nearer he approached the dignified Moreland, and passed him so close, that he struck his left arm, knocking the bouquet of flowers ten feet away, and throwing him to the ground in the dust, his silk tile flying over an iron fence into a door yard. All this occurred in less time than it takes to tell it. Mr. Moreland felt greatly humiliated, and offended to such a degree, that he petitioned the authorities to have the dog killed. But Speed was too swift even for them and escaped, and may be running yet.



LXXVI.

PAUL AND YORKES.

The story of Paul and his faithful dog Yorkes is one of pathos and tender friendship.

Paul was left without parents or near relatives when only twelve years old. His mother died first. When his father died and his burial expenses were paid, it took all that his father left to pay the debts, and Paul had to seek employment at once, which he found with an old woman who furnished food to workmen that were employed in building a bridge. Paul's duties were to carry the food to the men at midday and do work about the house.

Paul arranged with the old woman to be allowed to keep Yorkes. He wouldn't work for anyone that refused to let him have his best and, in fact, only friend stay

with him. Sometimes the food given to Yorkes seemed rather meagre for a big dog, then Paul would share his food with him.

Paul's friends were very fond of him, and often put their arms about his neck and shoulders caressingly. When Yorkes saw it, he acted a little jealous. Yorkes would put his paws on Paul's shoulder and pull at him, which Paul interpreted to mean that he wished him to sit down, so he could put his paws about his neck. Paul sat down and Yorkes would put his paws about his neck and rub his head against his cheek in a most caressing and sympathetic manner. No human being could have shown more affection and gentleness than was shown by the faithful dog to his young master.

LXXVII.

KATHERINE AND HER DOGGIES.

Little Katherine was one of the loveliest children that ever breathed the breath of life. When she was only six years old, her mind was occupied in thinking what she could do to make life pleasant for dogs and birds. They were her favorites in the animal kingdom. The four young dogs in the picture ran after her whenever she appeared, and wouldn't leave her as long as she remained where they could be with her. She taught them many good principles, the greatest and most important was unselfishness. When they were taken from their mother, Katherine fed them while they were young. All would lap milk out of the same dish, and get along quite amiably, but when they were a little older and were given solid food, they would snap at each other, acting as if they thought the others were getting more than their share. Katherine

cured them of that habit by not allowing the one that acted selfish and snapped to have anything at that particular meal. In a little while, she got them all to act beautifully. She taught them to wait, when the food was brought, until all the dogs were there. It was a pretty sight to see two or three of the dogs down on their bodies, looking at the food—waiting and turning their heads about to see if the absent ones were coming. Nothing would be touched until all were there.



Another sweet and thoughtful act of little Katherine's was to have small wooden bird cages hung in the trees of which there were many in the garden and grounds surrounding the house. One day she saw a bird's nest lying on the ground, and the eggs were broken and the poor mother bird flying about in great distress. The nest was blown down during a storm. The branch on which the nest was built was broken off. When Katherine saw the misfortune that had befallen the mother bird, she thought and wondered what she could do to save such

mishaps occurring again. She had watched the slow process of building a nest, the birds carrying one straw at a time, taking weeks to complete it. The idea came to Katherine to have little cages made of wood, similar to the wire cages in which birds are kept, only very much smaller, and fasten them to strong branches of the trees, where the foliage was very thick. She wasn't certain that her generosity and thoughtfulness would be accepted, but decided to experiment with one which she had made. She put it up in a tree near the house and watched to see if a bird would enter it and make herself at home in a nest that would require no labor on her part. It had a top opening large enough for a bird to go in comfortably. Well, it wasn't but a short time before a bird lit on a branch near the cage, and after stretching its neck and looking it all over, entered and seemed perfectly happy. Straw had been put in and around the cage, so the bird wouldn't have to fly all over the neighborhood for material for the nest. The success of the experiment gave Katherine much pleasure, and she had a great many cages made and hung in the trees where the birds could lay their eggs and hatch the little birdies without much danger of having their nests blown to the ground and the eggs broken or the young killed if they had broken their shells, and were sitting in the nest.

LXXVIII.

RHYMES.

Exquisite is the story
Of a dog by the name of Glory.
He was pretty and was neat,
And for good manners was never beat.

His voice was soft and his bark was low,
They sometimes called him little Joe,
So his name would rhyme with Ohio.

Timothy said, "Let us name him Bar,
Because it rhymes with the Morning Star,"

Robert said, "We should call him Dose,
So his name would rhyme with the red, red rose."

Little Hebe would rather his name were Scotch,
So it would rhyme with the good dog Watch.

Lucy said, "I will call him and call him Soon,
Then his name will rhyme with the fair, fair moon."

Carolyn wanted him named Halowell,
So it would rhyme with sweet caramel.

Georgie liked the name of Houghts,
So it would rhyme with beautiful thoughts.

Addie wanted to call him Reads,
So it would rhyme with beautiful deeds.

Little Crawford said, "Let us call him Peep,
Because it rhymes with, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

Eleanor said, "Please, name him Dome,
So it will rhyme with 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Isabel said, "Let us call him Tam,
I should like it to rhyme with the name of Sam,
Or, 'Mary had a little lamb.'"

Judith said, "Why not call him Muff?
What is the matter with Blind Man's buff?"

Marie wanted to name him Tie,
For it rhymes with apple pie,
And "Coming Through the Rye,"

And he never had to sigh,
For he never told a lie,
And you couldn't make him cry,
And we'll meet in the sweet bye and bye.

Geraldine said, "We will call him Hattle,
For he was never known to tattle."

Tuny said, "Please, call him Pet,
So it would rhyme with the sweet Violet."

Azro said, "I would name him Nippy,
It would remind us of the Mississippi."

Walker said, "Let's call him Keim,
To make it rhyme with the silver dime,
And I wish I had a mine,
And a dog that didn't whine,
And go sailing up the Rhine,
And invite my friends to dine,
On everything but wine,
Wouldn't it be sublime,
If all these things were mine?
But no telling what may happen to
Little Peter Keim,
Because he's very fine,
And always found in line."

Pansy said, "I would name him Piccadilly,
And make him rhyme with don't be silly."

Jonathan wished they would name him Bell,
And remember the story of William Tell.

Alexander said, "I would name him Dan,
Make as many people as happy as you can."

Monroe insisted they should call him Cone,
To remind we must never be a drone,

And some day cross the raging foam,
And climb St. Peter's dome,
In the rare, old city of Rome.

Cyrus liked best the name of Sewall,
It rhymes with children are such precious jewels.

Edward's name would be Pinky Winky Wig,
So it would call to mind the little guinea pig.

Marcellus would name him Pollynog,
It's not much of a name, and he may not be much of a
dog.

Orlando said, "Call him Hawthorn Brook,
And think of [Burns' poem 'Lalla Rookh.'"

Christopher would like him named Big Ben,
To remind us of the name of William Penn.

Henrietta wished they'd name him Clum!
Who doesn't like a fresh Bath bun.

Willie said, "I'd name him Yank,
So the name would rhyme with the great Mt. Blanc."

Anna preferred to call him Tell,
To make it rhyme with her dear blue bells.

Hattie said, "I would name him Bake,
The first Sunday-school teacher was Robert Raike."

Genevieve said, "Let us name him Phil,
To rhyme with the singing whippoorwill,
And the beautiful daffodil,
And little birds I would not kill."

Madison said, "Please, name him Lachet,
And not forget George Washington's hatchet."

Olive said, "Let's us name him Ball,
Never giggle when a person falls."

Carrie said, "I would name him Facts,
To make it rhyme with noble acts."

Flora said, "Why not call him Cat,
To make it rhyme with tit for tat?"

Mansfield wished they would call him Gee,
And think of the song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Margaret liked the name Lionel,
For the patriotic rhyme of Independence Bell.

Elsie wanted to name him Keen,
And rhyme with the song, "God Save the Queen."

Lenore said, "I would name him Hale,
To make it rhyme with the nightingale."

Mary wished they would call him Tether,
So the name would go with the famous heather.

Irene said, "Let us name him kisses,
So it will rhyme with the sweet Narcissus."

Gertrude wished they'd name him Bold,
To rhyme with the beautiful marigold.

Alvina prayed to name him Hurd,
And rhyme with the singing mocking-bird.

Sedgwick preferred the name of Penn,
Daniel wasn't afraid in the lions' den.

Milton said, "I would name him Bark,
And rhyme it with the meadowlark."

Vincent wished him named Shang Crook,
To rhyme forever with the babbling brook.

Clinton said, "I would call him Dee,
Because it rhymes with the deep blue sea."

Florence suggested the name of Toppy,
And let it go with the far-famed poppy.

Albertro wanted him named Little Rally,
And live for all time with the lilies of the valley.

Bertha said, "Why not call him Danny Boone,
To have it rhyme with a little Alabama coon?"

Quexie wished to name him Ream,
For it would rhyme with a mountain stream.

Carrie wanted him named Little Ned,
For it would rhyme with get your supper and to bed.

Dorothy wanted him named Honey Bees,
Haven't you seen the big California trees?

Florence would call him Old Dog Tray,
So it would rhyme with new mown hay.

Eugenie said, "Let us call him Doe,
Were you ever on top of a tallyho?"

Andrew wished to call him Kent,
It is better to be right than be President.

Burnham thought there was nothing better than Hain,
If you don't at first succeed, try, try again.

Reuben said, "Let us name him Peck,
And be reminded of 'The Boy on the Burning Deck.'"

Almeda wanted him named Bob White,
To rhyme with the dog that would not bite.

Fannie said, "Let us call him Yard,
And rhyme with never be off your guard."

Katherine begged they'd name him Cole,
To make it rhyme with the oriole.

Rosaline said, "I would call him Seal,
The flower of France, the Marechal Neil."

No harm to call him East or West,
While music charms the savage breast.

Jennie Lind wished his name were Dot,
To rhyme with my dear forget-me-not.

Douglas, "I would give him a great name, I'd call him
George,
To remind us of his winter at Valley Forge."

Percy said, "I would name him Nip,
'There is many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

Patrick hoped they would name him Crone,
And make it rhyme with the Blarney Stone.

Esther liked the name Quintell,
And let it jingle with the Canterbury bells.

Minnie would name him Tee To Tum,
Rhyming with tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum.

LXXIX.

DANNY.

Danny loved his dogs and his dogs loved him.
It was a case of real love and not an idle whim.

It is needless to say that Danny loved his dogs and had a humane heart for all animals. His face shows it and his looks from the top of his head to the sole of his foot tell it, whether he is sitting, lying down, or walking about. The very atmosphere he radiates is one of

tender regard for the whole animal kingdom, especially for dogs. They are his particular pets. Dogs are the most sensitive of all animals; they can tell almost at



a glance if a person likes them. Notice how contented and at ease the dogs are that hover about their young master. To touch him is their greatest delight. There is no expression of fear in their faces. They know they

will not be struck or hurt. What a look of reposeful confidence they exhibit in being near him. How much better it is to have the love and devotion of animals in return for kind treatment, than to have them fear us, and be in a tremble lest we strike them. Danny was well repaid for the humane treatment of his beautiful dogs by the pleasure they gave him in many ways. He loved to see them watch for his appearance at the door in the morning when he stepped out. All three of the dogs would jump on him and slip between his legs, and make a fuss over him, as if he had been away from home a long time. The dog Tiche was very heavy, and sometimes his weight thrown against Danny, would throw him over. Danny knew it wasn't done purposely and never punished Tiche for doing it. The other two dogs were named respectively Quad and Jok.

LXXX.

ELY.

I am only a little cur,
A dog of low degree.
My master ordered me not to stir,
Until he comes back to me.

Sometimes we find good traits in dogs of very common stock, just as one often finds noble traits in people of low origin.

A certain man had a little cur he called Ely, of a breed of dogs from which very little was expected in the way of dog intelligence. But this little canine possessed instincts that are found in the best blooded dogs. It happened one day, that his master found one of his gates to a cornfield down; it had become loosened

in some way. It was quite a distance from the house where he kept his tools, screws and nails. There was nothing to do, however, but to go and get what was necessary to repair the gate, and as there were cattle in the neighborhood that would get in the field if no one was stationed at the gate, the master didn't know what to do, but leave Ely to watch the gate if he could make him understand. So he called Ely up, and



pointed towards the gate and towards the cattle, and told him to stay there until he returned. When the master returned, he found little Ely just where the gate would hang, and near him stood a neighbor of his who told him how faithfully the little dog had guarded the gate. He said he tried to coax him off, but not an inch would Ely move. He looked as if he would have said the verse at the beginning of the story, could he have spoken.



LXXXI.

THE STORY OF NOBLE WATCH.

Watch was the name of the great, noble dog, the story of whose wonderful life this chapter will record.

Watch was remarkable for the almost human intelligence he possessed. He was first named Blanc, the name

of one of the highest mountains in Europe, because he was so very large before he was three months old, and this seemed a most suitable name. When he was six months old, he became such a good watch-dog, that he was called "Watchy Blanc," and when one would say "Watchy," he would wag his tail and seem greatly pleased, so he was re-named "Watch." By this name he was known far and wide, as a most faithful dog, and for possessing more intelligence than any dog in the country roundabout. When other dogs quarreled and had disputes, they would ask Watch to decide who was in the right and who was in the wrong, and they were always satisfied with his decision.

The dog that was in the wrong had to apologize to the other and promise to be good ever afterwards.

When Watch was only a few months old, he became a great favorite, and because his habits were clean and orderly, his master gave him a nice colored mat to lie on in a corner of the porch, on the eastern side of the house, where the family were in the habit of sitting in the springtime when the sun was warm and genial. He enjoyed the rug as much as the family did the comfortably shaped chairs and rockers.

Before many months Watch outgrew the mat, and a part of his body had to lie on the floor. So his master got him a larger mat, and one day, when Watch was away from the house, the small mat was removed and the new one put down in its place. His master thought he would like to see if Watch noticed the change in the mats, and when he saw him approaching, he went out on the porch. Well, I wish that all the dogs in the world and all the boys as well, could have seen how pleased and grateful Watch was when he saw the new mat.

He would jump up and then lie down on it, and rub

his head over it, and stretch himself upon it, and show in every way possible how thankful he was for his master's kindness. Watch's good memory was one of the traits which early in his history commended him to all. People who were in the habit of visiting his master could walk up to the house without being barked at, or molested, but when a stranger appeared, Watch would not let him reach the house until some one came out and signalled him to let the visitor proceed. He would stand across the path in front of the unknown person and bark, and this announcement of a new-comer which was understood by the family would bring some one to the door.

When a caller left the house, Watch would walk behind him to the gate to see that no flowers were taken from the flowerbeds with which the path was lined on either side.

His faithfulness was another of Watch's good qualities. If he was told to watch any particular thing, he would stay by it until he was told to leave.

One day his master told him to watch a piece of meat until he returned, but he was suddenly called to a distant point, and did not return for several days. When he got back, he found Watch lying by the piece of meat, not having left it during his master's absence, denying himself food and water in order to be faithful to his trust. Such faithfulness is worthy to be carved in stone, or stamped in bronze, or remembered in verse. When Watch was three years old, his master's little boy about seven years old began going to school. The school-house was nearly a mile away. Sometimes there was no one to go with the little fellow, and Watch was taught to accompany him to the school-house and then to return home. Then he was taught to go after him. On the first day, at

the proper time for Watch to return for his little master, his owner took out his watch and pointed to three o'clock as being the hour when school was dismissed, and ever after, Watch would go after the little boy without being told to do so. When he reached the school-house door he would give a bark, so that his little master would know his companion home was awaiting him, and when Arthur came out, Watch would show his pleasure by acting very playfully. After home was reached and supper eaten, Watch and his little master would go out under a big spreading tree and lie down together on a bearskin rug, and when Arthur fell asleep, Watch would scarcely move lest he should awaken the little boy.

Some boys could take a lesson from this sensible dog, for they have been known to make noises when people were trying to take an afternoon nap. Watch always slept with one eye open to see what was going on about him. He was a very good dog about keeping his appointments. If he invited his dog friends to an entertainment in his yard, he always expected them to come promptly at a certain hour, and if any of them came late, he would not invite them again. He would also specify the time when they were expected to take their departure, and all were expected to bid their host good-bye and thank him for the pleasant time they had enjoyed.

So it became known and understood that only dogs of good manners could enjoy the hospitality of Watch. It was a passport for any dog if he could say truthfully that Watch was a friend of his. Watch would not associate with a dog that was not clean and decent in every way. Whenever he found a dog telling lies, he would have nothing to do with him, for a lying dog was an abomination in his eyes.

Watch took things seriously as a rule, but once in a while, he could indulge in some very funny pranks. For instance on a Fourth of July, he noticed that his master and all of his neighbors would celebrate the day by marching to a grove where music, patriotic speeches and refreshments were enjoyed by large numbers. "If this is the correct thing to do," thought Watch, "all of the village dogs shall be summoned to celebrate in like manner the sacred Independence Day."

So when the Fourth of July arrived, Watch was up and about early, giving to each dog who was to take part in the celebration, a small American flag which was to be waved, as the dog procession marched through the village to the beautiful grove selected for the exercises.

Watch being master of ceremonies and orator of the day, wore a red, white and blue sash, which made him very conspicuous, and which, upon a dog of his size, gave him a truly noble appearance.

After refreshments were served, Watch jumped up on a barrel which contained lemonade, and before he began his speech, all the dogs barked, "Hurrah for the Glorious Fourth, and Hurrah for Watch!"

When order was restored, Watch began his speech by saying, "My country dogs, we have come together in this delightful spot under the shade of these familiar old trees which have protected us all through our lives from the burning heat of summer, to add our bark to theirs on this glad occasion. May their trunks open to receive our resolution of gratitude for the shelter they have ever given us beneath their cooling branches. We garland ourselves with their leaves, as we unite in singing a hymn written in their cause by one of our great poets." Whereupon all the dogs sat up and sang,

“Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I’ll protect it now.

Bow Wow Bow Wow Bow Wow Bow Wow Bow Wow Bow
Wow Bow Wow Bow Wow!”

They sang with great spirit and so much force and doggedness that the hills heard and the sea, as well as the trees. When the singing had ended, Watch continued, “We have gathered here, my fellow dogs, for the purpose of celebrating the day that gave us independence, which means that we may howl under these trees or anywhere else without asking permission of anyone. This, my friends, is a great privilege, a right for which our fathers fought for seven long and weary years, marching in summer’s heat and winter’s cold, and never complaining of the hardships they had to endure, but working with unflinching courage and devotion until independence was achieved, and our national bark honored and respected all over the world. It is, therefore, proper for us, the descendants of those noble dogs, to celebrate this day with music, speeches and lemonade, and to swear by the great American flag, that we will protect it, if occasion requires, with our lives. We have a right to be proud of our flag, for it means liberty of conscience, equal and exact justice to all dogs, whether native born or having come to this country from other lands. With these remarks, I will close, asking you to be good dogs, always remembering the rights of your neighbors, and trying to live up to the golden rule. I now propose three cheers for the Fourth of July.

“You will now form in platoons, and march to the tune of ‘My Country, ’Tis of Thee.’ The band will then

play, 'Way Down South in Dixie,' and our homeward march will conclude with 'My Old Kentucky Home.'

"You will take good care of your flags, and have them ready, nice and clean to use at any celebration we may wish to have in the future. We will now disperse, each going to his home, thankful for the pleasure enjoyed, and resolved to be better dogs than ever before."

Watch had a police system in his village that was very fine. Dogs that violated any law were arrested and punished according to their deserts. Every morning Watch held police court for an hour, to try dogs that were arrested during the previous night. The police dog that arrested the violators of the laws, brought them into court, and made the complaint against them. Some of the dogs would deny the charges, and many amusing disputes were heard. On a certain Monday morning, a lot of sheepish-looking dogs were brought into court. The first one tried was charged with breaking the Sabbath day. He was charged with howling all the afternoon, when the people were on their way to church. He even barked so loud, that they heard him in church, and the meeting was disturbed. The dog's defense was, that if the police dog could speak French, he would have known that instead of barking, it was the singing of Sunday-school hymns and Salvation Army songs which he heard. "These were all sung," said the accused dog, "to the tune of Old Hundred, which is sung in a very high key." This was a rather hard nut to crack. Watch said there was a misapprehension in the case before him. He ruled that a dog had a perfect right to sing or pray in French just as loud as he wished. So he dismissed the case, and Titus, that was the dog's name, was set at liberty.

The next culprit was a small, common dog, minus a portion of his left ear. He had been in a fight with an-

other dog, and was badly punished. His hair was badly rumpled and pointing in every direction. It was covered with mud, and he had a bloody head. Watch felt sorry for him, and decided to send him to the hospital, instead of inflicting a fine and sending him to prison. Watch asked him how he got into trouble. He said, that he was going along the road very quietly, when he met a big dog who jumped on him and almost killed him. "What dog was it?" asked Watch. "I prefer not to tell, as I wish to return good for evil, and, perhaps, he will feel ashamed of himself for what he did, and ask my pardon."

"You are a noble dog," said Watch, "and I will appoint you a teacher, to go about and tell all the dogs you meet how beautiful it is to have a forgiving spirit, and you shall be an example for other dogs to imitate." He became a missionary among dogs, telling them to be kind and gentle at all times and under all circumstances, no matter what the provocation. For he would say, "The dog that controls his temper, gets along much better than the one that does not, besides, he feels better in his own conscience."

The next dog to be arraigned was furiously mad, and in a state of great excitement. He said an outrage had been committed in arresting him and keeping him locked up for nearly a whole night in a damp cell, with nothing to eat and no water to drink. He demanded to know the charge against him. The police dog who arrested him said Blaize was prowling about Farmer Bunco's kitchen, trying to get in and steal a piece of ham that was lying on a table. Blaize was thereupon very indignant, for at the very time when the police dog said he was at Bunco's kitchen, he was attending church, listening to a sermon from the text, "Thou shalt not lie." Blaize called upon his dog friends to testify whether he was at church or not at

the time the police dog declared that he saw him trying to steal a piece of meat. All of the dogs who were witnesses, said that Blaize was honest and reliable, and above doing anything that was wrong or dishonest.

Watch asked the police dog what he had to say in reply to all the evidence given in favor of Blaize, and then he confessed that the charge was not true. He said that he wanted to injure Blaize out of pure meanness. He was as bad as some boys are, who try to hurt others from envy or because they are born wicked. Watch discharged Blaize and had the police dog arrested and put in the same cell where he put Blaize, and he was kept there a long time when he wanted to beg pardon of Blaize. Then Watch ordered him released and gave him again the old position which he never afterwards abused.

The next dog to stand up for sentence was a dog with a very bad face. His offense was swearing, and for that great sin, Watch was more severe than for almost any other crime, as there is no excuse for it whatever. There are other shortcomings of which a dog might be guilty, such as getting angry under great provocation, or if a dog were starving to death, he might be forgiven for taking something to eat that he found lying on the ground, but to swear and use bad language is inexcusable. It is a habit that has not one redeeming feature. Nothing is accomplished by the use of wicked words. It is a senseless habit. It takes the name of God in vain, which dogs are commanded not to do. It changes a dog's face. If he ever had a pleasant expression before, it makes him look like a villain afterwards, and transforms his whole nature. Watch said, "Your punishment will be imprisonment for life, unless you turn over a new leaf, and become a different dog. It would be dangerous to let you run at large, lest other dogs that are decent and well-behaved

should become contaminated, and led into the awful habit of swearing. Officer, take the offender to prison and put him in a dark cell, where he will not see the light of day, nor any other dog during his life, unless he shows a repentant spirit with a promise and a firm resolution not to use profane words again while he lives." After a long period of close confinement and poor food, the prisoner concluded to become a good dog and never swear again. And then, he realized what a foolish dog he had been, and how unwise to suffer so much punishment for a practice that had not one good point in it. When he was released and once more enjoyed the beautiful sunlight and the association and friendship of other dogs, he realized what a frightful chastisement he had received and warned all other dogs whom he met to behave and never violate any of the laws.

The next offender to face Watch was a rough-looking dog. His crime was untidiness. He never looked clean but always dirty and unsavory in every way. He disgusted all other dogs, just as boys who go about, with unwashed faces, and unkept hair, and unpolished shoes displease people who are refined and dress with taste and have their clothing properly adjusted.

"Thirty days," said Watch, "and six months for the next offense of a like character."

Then a dog by the name of Tiptoe was brought before Watch. His offense was listening to private conversation, putting his ears to keyholes and eavesdropping in every conceivable manner, and then going about and telling what he had heard, always exaggerating and making a great deal of trouble in the neighborhood. He was named Tiptoe because he had been seen so many times on the tips of his toes, with his ear against a keyhole, listening to dogs inside. When he met dogs, he would look wise, call

them aside, and tell what he pretended to have heard, always making up a lot of scandal that had no foundation whatever.

The stories were as untrue as they were wicked. Watch determined to stop this kind of meanness, if a severe punishment would do it, so he sentenced the culprit to prison for twelve months at hard labor, poor food, and confinement in a cell that had no light. And when his which to leave the village, never to enter it again.

term in prison expired, two hours were to be given him in

The next dog to be sentenced and the last dog was named Moses. He was guilty of a number of offenses against good dog government. The first charge against him, was taking a piece of meat he saw in front of a meat shop. He pleaded guilty, but wanted to be let off because he was a bit boozy and did not know what he was doing. The next item against him, was for calling another dog a bad name, as he was passing him in the street. Besides calling him a bad name, he threw dirt in his eyes, causing him much pain and almost making him blind.

A third charge was climbing into a cherry tree, where there was a bird's nest with eggs in it, and the mother bird sitting on them. He destroyed the nest, breaking the eggs, and making the poor mother very unhappy. Watch made up his mind that Moses was the most worthless dog he had ever seen in all his life, and he decided to send him to prison for twenty-one years at hard work. This punishment, he thought, was about what Moses deserved.

WATCH'S FULL-DRESS RECEPTION.

Watch always had one full-dress reception every winter, and it became the talk of the village for weeks before.

He gave the dogs invited ample time to make necessary preparation, so they could appear in proper dress and look as smart as first-class society dogs should look. He expected every dog to be just right, as regards costume, manners, etc. The least bit of ill-breeding by any dog was sure to send him home without a mouthful of refreshments, and he would never receive another invitation to a Watch reception. So the company was always very select and every dog on the alert, so no accident would happen, such as dropping a dish, or upsetting the cream, or letting cake fall on the floor, or using a knife instead of a fork, or forgetting to say thank you, at the right time. All of the dogs wore full-dress coats, low cut vests, standing collars, the correct tie, patent leather shoes, and just see how smart they sit, not one of them bending over with their mouths near their plates, as know-nothing dogs sit. At some of Watch's receptions, invitations would be sent to dogs who were unfamiliar with the rules that govern good society, which gave Watch a great deal of trouble; but he generously overlooked their unsophisticated ways and instructed them in the correct forms, warning them not to forget what he told them, as he would not repeat the same lesson twice. If Watch had occasion to correct a dog once, and he had broken that rule a second time, he was never invited again. The dogs knowing how rigid he was about affairs of social life, were very particular not to be careless in their conduct at his entertainments. He always advised dogs to form good habits, as it was just as easy to do things right, as it was to do them wrong, and so much better for all concerned.

Each dog was expected to carry a bunch of flowers. Some of the dogs who were not accustomed to attending receptions, were given to understand what was expected of them. When told to bring flowers, they sup-

posed the more one brought, the better Watch would be pleased and the nearer they would be doing the proper thing. One of the dogs who had never gone to a swell affair before, took an entire rose bush with him. He carried it over his back, covering him entirely and giving him the appearance of being an animated bush. Watch was greatly amused at this. He explained to his new guest that it was not necessary to transfer a whole flower garden to an entertainment. Watch carried a bunch of Marechal Neil roses. Another dog was one who had never attended a reception, and, of course, was not up in the details of such things. He had an enormous pile of sunflowers. When he entered the dog parlor with his bouquet all the dogs began to giggle and cast glances at each other. Watch explained to him that he needn't have stripped a field of sunflowers in order to bring a great quantity. The new acquisition to society said he had not been informed in regard to how many he was expected to bring. He apologized to Watch, and told him if he were honored with another invitation, he should carry an exquisite little bunch of lilies of the valley or forget-me-nots. Watch accepted his apology and explanation and told him he should do himself the pleasure of sending him cards to the next reception. Little Jimmy came with only a single pansy stuck in a silver holder. This was a great contrast with sunflowers. One guest could not get natural flowers, so he took a bunch of artificial flowers from his mistress's hat, and dashed perfumery over them, and put on airs with his counterfeit flowers. While the dogs did not think much of his artificial bouquet, they admired his resourceful mind. One big dog whose name will be withheld this time, appeared wearing a soiled collar. When Watch saw it, he com-

pelled the dog to go home and change his collar or not return. Watch had a great deal of trouble in looking after everything. But nothing was left undone to make the entertainment a success.

When Watch succeeded in getting his company disposed of, so far as personal appearance was concerned, he introduced those who were not acquainted, and brought together such as would be congenial to each other. He did not believe in bringing dogs with ability to converse on all topics into association with stupid dogs. He had the happy faculty and tact to associate the dogs one with another, in a manner that made it pleasant for all without embarrassments for any. Watch displayed the greatest dog wisdom in the management of his receptions.

Watch lived a useful life, and when he died, his master and all the household and many of his neighbors who knew of Watch's beautiful character, and the dogs all about the region where his home was deplored his loss. He died in October, when nature took on the sere and yellow leaf. It was a very appropriate time for Watch to pass away, just as the autumn leaves were turning into orange, crimson and gold, a little later, to wither and fall upon the ground and decay. But as Watch had lived such a good life, his deeds always remained green in the memory of those who knew him. His grave was covered with flowers and branches of trees, whose foliage was tinted with October frosts, making the mound beautiful and picturesque, like the grave of a monarch. Watch was a monarch among dogs, and what was done for him was well deserved. Such dogs are rare. Peace to his ashes.



LXXXII.

KAISER.

Velina, a little German girl, was starting off to school with book in hand and lunch basket on her arm. Kaiser

seemed the picture of distress in parting with his young mistress. She tried to cheer him by telling him she will soon return. Kaiser was given his name because of his kingly manner and lofty character.

LXXXIII.

ROSEMONT.

Rosemont was the name of a sweet girl who loved animals. She had four beautiful pet dogs.

One was a Pomeranian with eyes so saucy and keen,
And one an Irish setter, red-haired, and always clean.
The third, a shepherd dog, the fleetest of all the lot.
The fourth, a Japanese spaniel, the size of a little dot.

Rosemont taught her pets many tricks. One of the most interesting, was to take the dogs to the country and teach them to gather wild flowers and fetch them to her. She would go to a field where flowers were, and call the dogs to her, and break off one and hold it against her breast and clasp her arms about it, to show them how she loved flowers. Then pointing towards the flowers and to the one she held, in a very short time, they were educated to pick and bring them to her. They enjoyed doing it as much as Rosemont did in seeing them scamper away to serve her. Each dog learned to take the stem in the mouth, so the flower would not be hurt in the least. When a dog had selected the flower he wished, he would break it off and start with it towards his young mistress on a run. It was highly amusing to see the four dogs, each bearing a flower, running at full speed towards Rosemont, and when they reached her, how they wagged their tails and jumped about, to show how pleased they were for

having done something to give pleasure to their young mistress. The little fellow was the last to arrive, as he could not run as fast as the others, but when he came up to his mistress, he would bark and tear around in the most jovial manner. Rosemont never forgot to take food with her for the dogs, to give them when they did such clever things as gather flowers.



LXXXIV.

HAP.

A farmer's son living in Essex had a brown, rough-haired terrier who was a very great favorite with everyone in the house, but especially devoted to his young master. Hap, as he was called, had no claim to either birth or beauty. He was simply a common, small, brown thing, as ugly as he could well be to be a dog, but he was sharp

as a needle, ready and willing to follow his master, and always on the alert to receive and welcome him whenever he returned home after an absence of days or hours without his favorite.

"I wonder why you care for that little beast of a mongrel, as you do, Jack," said a friend one day. "He is such a common, ugly cur, all very well for the back yard, but I would not be seen in a five-acre field with him."

"Oh, Hap is such a faithful little beggar, he knows perfectly well what I wish, and he always obeys me, and we are great chums," replied the master.

"Well, everyone to his taste, my boy," answered his friend. "Give me a dog who is all you say Hap is, and yet looks as if he had a drop, at least, of good blood in him."

One day this much abused little animal was left by his master in a field to take care of a coat which he had laid on the ground. It was a busy time at the farm, and father, son, and all the hands available, had had to put their hands to the plough and work very hard. Hap's young master had undertaken to do a certain portion of work alone. Faithful Hap, of course, was with his master, and much interested in all that went on. Something had gone wrong with a part of the machine he had been using, and he decided to go to the farm, to fetch what was necessary to repair the mischief, and left Hap in charge of the broken wheel and his coat. He intended to return at once, but alas, "The best laid plots of mice and men gang aft a'glee," and when he arrived at the farmstead, something of much more importance happened, which kept him at home for the rest of the day, and Hap, coat and broken bit of machinery were all forgotten. About dusk in the evening, the friend who had called Hap so ugly, passed through the field and saw the dog sitting close by his

master's coat, and tried in vain to get him to follow him. Hap was delighted to see a human being, to be spoken to and noticed, but could not be induced to leave the spot where he had been left in charge. It grew dusk, and still the dog sat on, whining sometimes, and, no doubt, wondering how much longer his master would be. He was very hungry and thirsty and tired, but he never once thought of running home to get a bite or sup. His master had said "Wait," and he waited. It was quite late before all the members of the farm-houses returned to supper, and then the young master suddenly remembered he had left his chum in the far-off field, and off he ran, and ran, till he got near enough for Hap to hear his voice, and then the joy of bounding towards him, and back to the spot where the coat lay.

"Fetch it, old fellow, fetch it," called the master, and Hap lay hold of the garment, and dragged it to his master's feet, and showed his intense satisfaction by tearing as fast as he could on the way home, and returning again and again to meet and to wait, so that his master and he should return to the house together.

LXXXV.

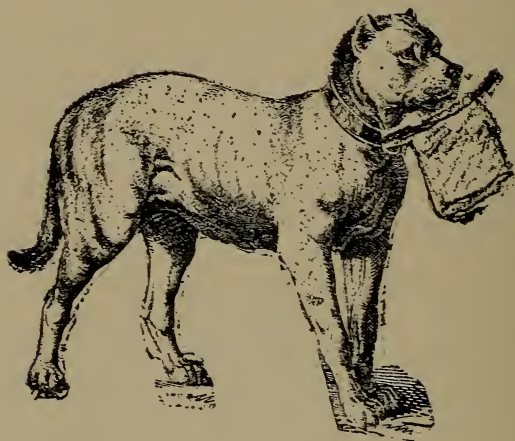
CÆSAR, NORTH CAROLINA DOG, TAKES UP A
COLLECTION IN A COLORED CHURCH THAT
HE ATTENDED WITH HIS MASTER.

Cæsar always went to church and liked the sermons short and sweet.

He understood the parson well, and hadn't an atom of conceit.

On a Sunday morning, in the hot month of August, the Reverend Josephus Carter was preaching a sermon

that to the mind of Hiram Brown's dog, Cæsar (who lay in the aisle near his master), was lengthening out to a point when he felt that he was getting more than his money's worth. The text the parson selected for this particular Sabbath, was the Ten Commandments, and the sermon was unusually long. When Cæsar could stand it no longer, he got up and walked to the front of the pulpit and looked the Reverend Mr. Carter straight in the face, assuming the appearance of a dog that was very



tired and would welcome the benediction with much pleasure. The expounder of the Ten Commandments did not take Cæsar's hint. Then he walked back and picked up his master's old hat, and began taking up the collection, which was always done just after the sermon. This amused the congregation and the contributions were larger than they had ever been. At first, the Reverend Josephus was a little bit vexed, to think that he was in a way held up by a dog, but when he saw how the money was going into the old hat, he became reconciled to the situation, and

began making running comment. He was standing back of the pulpit, and leaning forward he chuckled to himself, "My, how de coppers are flyin' into de old hat. Hope der is no false bottom in dat hat. I 'speck Bruder Brown's hat is honest, but dese times I'm a little s'picious about most anyt'ing whar' dere's money involved. Go slow, Cæsar, give 'm all a chance. What was dat Bruder Jenkins frowed in? It looked like a two-bit piece—one of dem sixteen-to-one silver quarter. I hope it ain't a counterf'it. Glory, how de money is a-rollin' in! What was dat just flue in? looked yaller, as if it was gold. I never knowed of a bruder givin' a gold piece in all de time I was connected wid Emanuel Church. I hope it wasn't a brass button. No tellin'. Cull'ed church members' just as unreliable and unsartain as white trash. I declar', dis beats all de liftin' of collections I ever seed. And I never t'ought of it before, but dis am de day when de collection goes to de preacher. Two Sundays in de month to de preacher, and two Sundays for the 'penses of de meetin'-house, for oil for de lamps, and wood in de winter, and other 'spenses. Go on, Cæsar, wid de good work. Now he's 'proachin' Sister Rauss. She plays dat she is sleepin', but she is only playin' 'possum. Her mouf is wide open. Cæsar is right dar in front of her. She don't wake up. He climbs on de bench and touches her mouf wid de rim of his hat. She shakes her head, as if she was shoooin' away a fly; but Cæsar keeps on perseverin'. He's woke her up at las'. She declares she's left her money bag at home but'll fetch it ter evenin' service.

"I s'pose Cæsar is honest, but dar so many trust corporations goin' on dese days, dat I am somewhat skeery about anybody, man or dog, dat holds de bag. I 'spect it would be de part of wisdom for some one of de bredren, to stand at de door, when Cæsar finishes takin'

up de collection, for he might want to skip out wid de money. Dis takin' up de collection by Cæsar, may be some outside scheme. De Bible say, 'Be on your guard night and day, for you neber know when de evil one will show up. He comes like a t'ief in de night, when you're not lookin' fur him. I don't 'spec' Cæsar would jump out of de window, but keep an eye on de windows, bredren. Keep up de ent'usiasm, Cæsar. What did I hear den? Bruder Hourtin's contribution sounded when it struck de other money in the hat, as if he had flung in a hatchet or an iron kittle.

"Dis is a red day for old Emanuel Church. 'Pon my word, dere is Bruder Sam Snowden frowen in somethin'. I neber seed him put anythin' in before. He always sayin' he's poor, or has to help support poor relashun, or some of de family is sick, and de money goes to de 'pothecary shop, and sich kind of talk. But I must not judge Bruder Snowden, lest I also be judged. Just see Cæsar smilin' and waggin' his tail. It's my 'pinion dat dog orter go to heaben."

LXXXVI.

TAB.

Tab was lonesome when his master went away,
Could not understand why he should go, and Tab be made
to stay.

One of the most pathetic and interesting stories in dog life that has come to the writer's notice since he began these anecdotes, was told by a gentleman who had the experience here related. The gentleman lived with his father and mother in one of the large cities of the Mid-

dle West. They owned a terrier which came into their possession when a puppy. When he was about five years old, the gentleman's father and mother died, only a few days apart, and he decided to let the home and live at a hotel. He had an opportunity to dispose of the house at once, which he did, and the new occupants were very glad to keep the terrier, for he was a dog most anyone



would like on sight. He had very pleasing ways, and made friends with all he met.

When his young master went away from the house and did not return, the terrier could not understand it, and did not know what such proceedings meant. He seemed much depressed and deeply grieved at his master's absence, and would sit on the front doorsteps all day, waiting for him, looking in all directions to see if the familiar figure which

always had a kind word for him would not appear in view. After days of watching and waiting, his former master passed the old home, and terrier ran to him, and was so pleased, showing it in every conceivable way. He tried to climb up to his face, putting his forelegs about his leg, and holding on, not wishing him to leave. The gentleman was touched by the ferrier's faithfulness and constancy, but it wasn't convenient to take him to the hotel; besides, he had given him to the family who had taken the house. But the interesting part of the story comes now. The terrier spent his days and nights when not running about, on the veranda of the house. He had a small carpet rug about three feet square on which he would lie and enjoy life in all seasons of the year, except in the coldest winter weather, when he stayed in the basement of the house. One day he saw his former master on the street, not far from the house. Terrier followed him to the hotel and saw him go to his room. He went to the door, examined it, and returned to the old place. Early the next morning, he left, dragging his rug—his bed, all he possessed on earth—with him, and appeared at his old master's door, and, when he opened it to go to his breakfast, there stood Tab, wagging his tail and smiling. If he could have spoken, no doubt he would have said, "Now I know you won't turn me away." This was too much for the kind-hearted man. He could not send him off, so he arranged to have Tab live with him at the hotel. He felt that a dumb creature with so much intelligence and with such a beautiful nature, was entitled to some consideration at his hands, and he was glad to bestow it, for he loved the terrier.



LXXXVII.

STORY OF PESTER.

PESTER INVITES DOGS TO HIS HOUSE—LOCKS
THE DOOR AND PLAYS TRICKS ON THEM.

Come to my house if fun you wish to see,
There is no other like it in the town of Wimbletree.
Dogs are all welcome, no matter what their station,
Whether born in the States, or hailing from other nations.

Pester had a very large dog-house in which he had a great many contrivances to play all sorts of tricks on dogs he invited to call upon him. They wouldn't know what he invited them for before they reached his house.

One of his tricks was to get a dog to walk up a ladder to the top and step on a plank about one foot wide, which was arranged so that if Pester pulled a string that was attached to the side opposite the ladder, it would turn over on the edge and throw the dog into a tub of water

just below on the floor, giving him a sousing and splashing water in all directions, besides frightening him almost out of his senses. After this reception, a dog would leave as quickly as his legs would carry him to the door. At the first reception, the earliest caller was a little spaniel, who stepped to the door and knocked. "Please enter," said Pester. "I am glad to see you. I hope your family is very well?"

"Very well, indeed, I thank you."

"What do you think of my house?" said Pester.

"I think your house is quite large for one dog to occupy?"

"Yes, it is, but you see I entertain a great deal of company. I have so many things in the lower part of this room, that I cannot get along with less."

"I suppose," said the spaniel, "some of your guests, that stay all night, sleep upstairs?"

"Yes," said Pester, "they just walk up the ladder and lie on the board alongside. Wouldn't you like to go up and rest there a little bit, while I get some refreshments for you?"

"Yes, thanks."

Up goes the spaniel and stretches himself on the board, seeming to enjoy himself very much. In a few minutes Pester pulls the string, and down comes the frisky spaniel splash into the tub. He was dumbfounded for a moment; and when he took in the situation, was very mad. He was a sorry specimen of a spaniel when he got out of the tub. He did not stop for refreshments but started for the door to leave, when Pester told him there was no occasion for hurry, as he intended no further performance with him, but warned him not to say anything to other dogs about his bath. If he did, he would regret it. Not wishing to be made fun of by other dogs, spaniel kept his experience

to himself. Pester went to the door with him, and with a polite farewell and wave of his right paw, wished him a pleasant journey home. Pester closed the door and chuckled to himself over the amusement with the spaniel. Presently a jaunty, little sky-terrier, with a blue ribbon tied about his neck made his appearance at the door, and gave a gentle knock. "Come in, terrier. It gives me great pleasure to bid you welcome to my house. Make yourself at home, sit in a chair, or jump upon the window-sill, and look out of the window, or climb up the ladder, and stand on the board, and look into the water-mirror and see how pretty you look."

As the blue ribboned terrier was very vain of his shape and general style, he ran up the ladder, stepped on the board, and gazed with much satisfaction at himself in the water below. Pester pulls the string and down goes sky-terrier, howling into the tub. It was so sudden that it almost took his breath, and made him the worst frightened dog that ever entered Pester's abode. Terrier ran to the door to get out, but Pester always locked the door when a visiting dog entered. He said to terrier in his bland and jovial fashion, not to be in a hurry, as the world wasn't made in a day, and asked him to call again. Terrier made no reply. When he got outside, he took two jumps at a time for home, for fear of getting into some other trap, and declared to himself that he would never be tricked again while he lived.

The next caller was a big mastiff. He came along with a leisurely sort of gait, stepped to the door, and knocked. Pester opened, and was very much taken back at the size of his visitor. He said to himself, "It won't do for me to cut up any capers with him," (Pluto was the name of the big dog) "for he could use me up in a short time if I got him mad." Pester decided to entertain him a

few moments and get rid of him, and not attempt any tricks. After a few moments of dog talk, Pluto asked Pester if he didn't serve refreshments at his receptions. Pester said he only had water in his house. Pluto was very much displeased at this, and told Pester that in future, he wished no more invitations to his receptions. Pluto left without bidding his host good-bye. When he had departed, Pester felt more comfortable, for he was afraid of Pluto's big paws, should he get him angry.

The next trick Pester introduced was a trap made of wood, very much like a chicken coop, with a door large enough to admit a big dog. The door was made to slide up and down. He had the trap arranged very much like a rat trap, only on a larger scale. The door would be raised and held by a beam extending back, and on a hook was hung a piece of meat, and on the floor stood a pan of milk, giving the inside a very attractive appearance to a dog having an appetite for good things. When all was ready, Pester awaited the arrival of a victim with pleasurable anticipations. He had not long to wait, when a proud-looking Irish setter came along. Pester saw him through the window, and before he reached the house, opened the door, and with a Chesterfieldian dog bow, invited the setter to accept his hospitality and partake of refreshments that were ready for him. The innocent setter thought it was very kind of Pester to be so thoughtful of his comfort and pleasure, gladly accepted the invitation, and walked into the house. After Pester showed him about and enlarged upon the various features of his place, he took his guest to the banquet hall, invited him to enter and partake of meat and milk. Of course, the setter had no idea there was anything wrong in going into what Pester called his banquet room, so entered and helped himself to meat and milk. When he

touched the meat, the door dropped and setter was a prisoner. This was very humiliating to the high spirited dog, and he did not know what to do. He belonged to a breed of dogs that never ask favors of other dogs, so he just made the best of the situation until he was released, and never after would he be taken in by dogs beneath him. Then Pester opened the door and let him out of the trap and out of his house.

Pluto was passing, and saw the setter, who seemed very much ashamed of being seen coming out of Pester's house, and asked him what his experience had been. Setter told him just what had happened, and while they were having this conversation, the little spaniel who was Pester's first visitor and had received a cold water bath, came along, and was questioned by Pluto, if he ever visited Pester. The little spaniel did not want to confess that he had been there, but when Pluto told him of the setter's experience and of his determination to give Pester some of his own medicine, the little spaniel acknowledged he had been there, and how Pester got him to walk up the ladder and dumped him off into a tub of water below. Pluto sent word to all the dogs he knew, and especially the dogs who had suffered from Pester, to come to his house and then decide upon a plan to punish Pester. They thought the proper thing was to go there in a body and make him walk up the ladder and throw him off into the tub of water, and then make him go in the trap, and keep him there several days. All of the dogs started for Pester's house, and when they reached it, Pluto was in the lead. He knocked, and immediately Pester opened and was terrified to see a gang of dogs surrounding his door with Pluto in front, but there was nothing for him to do but admit them. When they had all entered, Pluto

said, "We should like to see you skip up the ladder, to see if it is strong enough to hold a large dog."

He said, "Oh, yes," but made no movement towards going up. Pluto told him that they would rather see it tested than take his word, and for him to run up, and be quick about it, as they wished no further delay. Pester was in their clutches and had to do as they commanded. He begged to be excused, but no excuse or explanation was accepted. He had to go up, and as soon as he stepped upon the board, the string was pulled by the little spaniel, and down came Pester into the tub, when all the dogs sang out, "How do you like it?" He said, "Oh, a bath is all right." He was then told to enjoy a feast in the banqueting room, which he was compelled to enter. The door was closed, then all the dogs had a sort of an Indian war-dance about the trap. Pluto said, "How do you like your own medicine, Pester?" After leaving him in the trap until he was nearly starved to death, they let him out, and gave him three hours' time in which to leave the village and never return. He said three hours was more time than he needed to get away. He at once started on a run, and in a little while, the places that knew him once knew him no more forever.

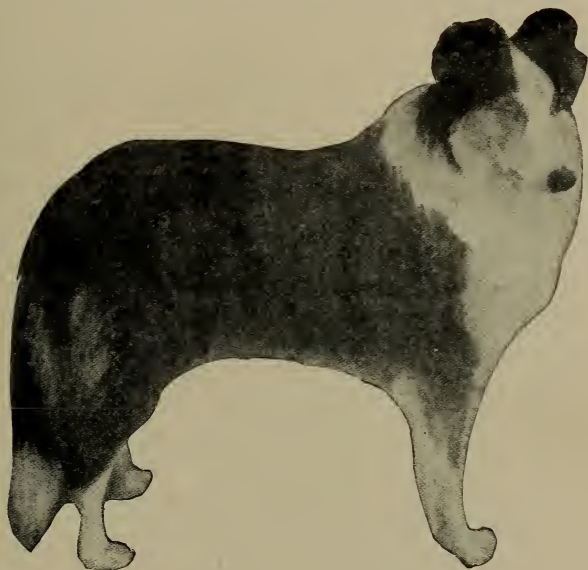
LXXXVIII.

NILE, A SHEPHERD DOG.

Nile was a shepherd dog, and knew his duties well.
When a lamb was lost he'd hunt for it o'er hill and dell.

He was named after the river that runs through Egypt because his master lived near it. Nile seemed to love to lie on its banks and look up and down, and he often

bathed in its waters on hot days. He was a very careful shepherd dog, and counted the sheep before starting for the corral every morning, to know for a certainty that not a single one had strayed away or been left behind, to be killed by vicious dogs or stolen by thieving Arabs. One evening a sheep was missed, and Nile was greatly distressed. He started off to hunt for it, and after a long and weary search, found it, one of its legs



broken, so it could not walk. It had fallen over a precipice. Well, Nile didn't know what to do. He did not wish to leave it alone while he went after the shepherd, for fear that it might be stolen or dogs attack it, so he remained with the poor unfortunate sheep all night, licking its broken leg and bringing it grass to eat. In the morning, he barked so loud, that he attracted a passing shepherd, who knew from Nile, the owner of the lost sheep, and

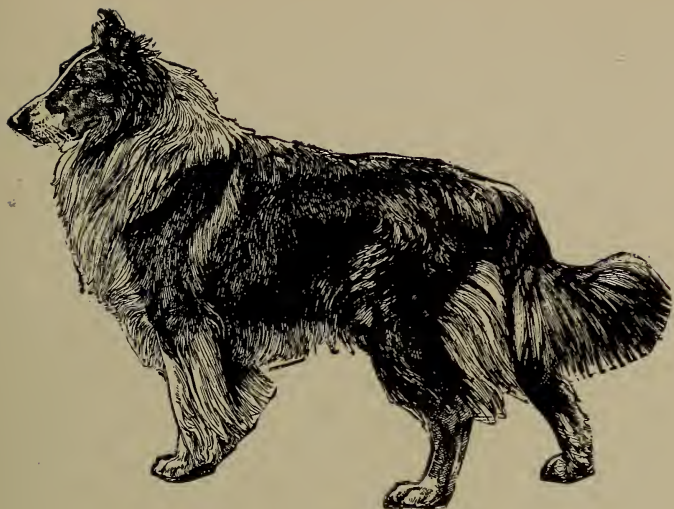
took it in conveyance to his master. Nile felt very sorry for poor sheepy, but proud that he had found it, and that it was once more at home. Its broken leg was bound up and cared for and in a little while it was well, and again went with the herd to the pastures.



LXXXIX.

GALA PETER.

This is a collie dog, and bright as he appears.
He has lots of nerve and not a bit of fear.
When he's not asleep, he is very wide awake.
Always true and faithful and fond of chocolate cake.



XC.

SNAIL SHOT.

Snail Shot would glide along the ground on his body so slow, that one could hardly see him move. He would, when near enough, spring upon a rabbit or bird or chicken and put his paws on them, not hurting them. Holding them with one paw, he would pat or stroke their heads and neck with the other, and in a little while, he would show whatever he caught, that no harm would come to them. They would seem perfectly delighted and become attached to Snail Shot, and whenever he appeared afterwards, they would run up to him and jump on his back and make a great deal over him. Sometimes you could see a chicken, a red and black bird, rabbit, squirrel, all on his back at the same time. He would sometimes for amusement try to shake them off, and

when one would drop off it would jump on again. The only way he could get rid of them, would be to roll on the ground, and they understood that when he began to roll they must jump and fly off. Snail Shot would never get angry, but was always gentle and amiable. He was never known to step on a worm, or the weakest or smallest thing that had life.



XCI.

TRIAL OF DOGS FOR STEALING CHICKENS FROM FARMER BEAL.

Farmer Beal complained to Watch that some of his chickens had been stolen. He watched night after night for a long time, but could not tell which dogs were the culprits, nor was he absolutely certain that dogs were the thieves. It might have been wolves. But one night it snowed, and Farmer Beal saw dogs' tracks, which were lost when they reached the road. It was on the night

of January 27th, when one of his finest hens disappeared; so he concluded to have a trial before Watch and see if he could find out the dogs that had robbed him of his chickens. When he saw Watch and explained the object of his call, Watch said: "Yes, have all the dogs that you suspicion appear before me next Saturday, and I will endeavor to find out who stole your chickens." On Saturday all the dogs that were notified came before Watch. The court was called to order. Watch rose and said that Farmer Beal had complained to him of the loss of several valuable chickens from his hennery by theft, and that dogs were the thieves, as he had seen dogs' tracks in the snow, so there was no mistake about it. "But as he could not trace them any further than the road, he is not able to fasten the crime upon any particular dog or dogs. Now, I shall expect every dog to give truthful answers to the questions I ask. I am anxious to find out, if possible, who has been guilty of this great crime, I feel ashamed that dogs belonging to the society of which I have the honor to be the head should so forget the proprieties of life as to become chicken thieves.

"The first one to answer to the charge of chicken stealing will be Victor. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I did not a chicken take,
My only food is angel cake."

"Trecó, what have you to say to this indictment?"

"The charge is false, no chick for me,
I live on honey from the honey bee."

"Baco, the charge is made by Farmer Beal,
That you did one of his chickens steal."

"I deny the charge of Farmer Beal,
I did not one of his chickens steal."

"Snickelfritz, please answer."

"I am not a chicken thief,
My only food is prime roast beef."

"Hoky, what have you to say?"

"A chicken I did not steal, of this I can truly boast,
For the only meat I would look at is spring lamb roast."

"Hanky Panky, what is your answer?"

"The charge is base and without foundation,
Besides, I live on a different ration."

"Keno, did you abstract a chicken from Farmer Beal's
henhery on the night of January the 27th?"

"In abstract yes, in concrete, no,
I shall never forget how I stubbed my toe."

"Fleury, what is your answer to the charge of stealing
a chicken?"

"Tut, tut, beware of what you say,
I was asleep on a stack of new mown hay."

"Jingo, what were you doing in the vicinity of Farmer
Beal's on the night of January the 27th?"

"On that night I attended a hop,
With mind made up the question to pop."

"Wampy, please answer to the indictment of forcibly
removing a chicken from the premises of Farmer Beal."

"I cannot tell a lie.
I wanted chicken pie,
Just caught one on the fly,
Hope to catch another some time before I die."

XCII.

LITTLE JIMMY.

Little Jimmy was not any larger than a squirrel and just as slick and smooth. He was a pranky little fellow and would do some very amusing things. He has been known to hide himself in a gentleman's overcoat pocket and then keep very quiet, and when a hand went into the pocket for gloves or handkerchief and pulled a dog by the ears, great would be the surprise of the wearer of the coat. He would wonder if his gloves and handkerchief had turned into a little dog. Once Jimmy saw a lady with a very large money purse, which she left lying on her dressing table. As soon as he found himself alone, he jumped into it and in a flash it closed over him. Presently the lady returned, took up her purse, and went down to do a little shopping. When she had made some purchases she opened her purse, and out jumped Jimmy, and down fell the lady almost frightened out of her wits. Jimmy's next caper was to crawl into a lady's muff, who was calling on his mistress, where he remained undiscovered until the lady reached home. She thought her muff seemed unusually warm, but as the warmth was very agreeable, she made no investigation to discover what made it so comfortable. When she reached her home the muff seemed heavier than usual, and she gave it a shake, and out bobbed the little scamp, smiling and thinking what a nice time he had been having and how pleasant it was to be carried about in a muff by a fine lady on a cold, stormy day while other dogs had to walk in the snow and freeze.

XCIII.

TOWER AND CASTLE.

Tower and Castle were two St. Bernard dogs that belonged to a famous lady. The dogs were trained to do many wonderful things in fashionable life. They were taught to be very polite to each other, and most punctilious in every way. When the mistress went out riding in her carriage, she always took one of them with her, and he sat on the floor beside her. They always touched their paws like people shaking hands, and they would hold them up above their heads, imitating the fashionable hand shaking of the present time.

XCIV.

GREY FOX TERRIER AND A WHITE PERSIAN CAT.

A grey fox terrier and a white Persian cat,
Always went to sleep on the same little mat.
The terrier's name was Flossie, and the cat's name was
Zan.

Both ate their food out of one tin pan,
They were never known to quarrel, scratch or bite,
But were generous and unselfish at all times day and night.

Heathen India, the land of occult science, plagues and famines, furnishes a beautiful story of a tender and congenial friendship that existed between a grey Scotch terrier and a white Persian cat. The terrier was of the ordinary breed that can be found anywhere, but notwith-

standing his common origin, he had as correct ideas of the rights of other dogs and animals, as if he belonged to the finest blooded stock of canines.

The cat was of the pure white high-class Persian kind, with a coat as white as the snows on the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas.

The cat, like the terrier, had the same notions of justice and equity that should be practiced by all living creatures on earth, whether human beings or dumb animals.

One of their traits of generosity and unselfishness was



to leave half of the food when one ate alone, the food for both being brought at the same time and in one dish. They seemed to understand that there should be an equal division, and they observed this fact to the letter. When one ate alone, the other being away, it would leave a little more than half, showing a spirit of kindness that would do honor to the highest order of intelligence.

They lived in this friendly and pleasant relation for many years, when one day, a big, savage bulldog caught the cat and bit and hurt it so badly that it died. It was

found lying in the grounds back of the house, with the terrier standing over the poor feline's body, who would touch and move it to see if it was surely dead. When terrier was satisfied that life was extinct, he began scratching in the ground, and in a little while he had made quite a hole. He was digging a grave for what he held so dear. It was pathetic to see him in the act of doing the last service he could perform for poor Persia. The man on the place comprehended the situation, when he procured a shovel and dug the hole a few feet deeper, and then motioned to terrier to roll Persia into it, which he did. The man waited a moment to see what move Flossie would make next. He immediately began to scratch the earth into the hole. The man shoveled it in, filling it and building a little mound, and covering it with turf, to the great delight of terrier, although he was in deep grief over his loss. Poor, heart-stricken terrier spent many hours lying with his head resting on the little green turf-covered mound, wondering perhaps if he would ever see the absent one again.

"BRUNO."

A beautiful name for a beautiful dog. Bruno was beautiful to look at and beautiful at heart, because he felt kindly towards all dogs, even those that were ugly and hateful, and did mean, spiteful things against him. There were a great many different kinds of dogs, up and down and all around where he lived. Among them was an Italian by the name of Carso, an Austrian named Jose, and two French poodles, Reigo and Tivoli, and a German bulldog named Karl. These dogs were all jealous of Bruno because he was such a good dog and everybody liked him, and

gave him plenty of nice food and stroked his head and back whenever he was about. This made the other dogs envious, and when Bruno was away from home, they would steal into his dog-house and take everything they could find.

One day when the hateful dogs were together, they saw Bruno coming up the road a long distance from home. They decided at once to jump on him and kill him if they could, or at least, bite him so he would not be able to walk for a long time. When Bruno reached the spot



where they were, all of them sprang at him and cut his skin with their teeth from head to tail, when a man came driving along, and got out of his wagon, and took his whip and drove them off. The man proved to be very kind-hearted, for he took his handkerchief and dipped it into a little brook nearby and washed Bruno's wounds and patted him on the head, and then put him in his wagon and left him at his master's house. In a little while Bruno's sore places healed, and he was himself again, and able to go about and wander off into the forest just across the meadow which was divided by a little stream where

he used to go and wade in the water and bathe himself in the hot summer days.

The first time he went there after the cruel treatment he received, he was standing by the water's edge, when he heard the sound of a dog whining and moaning as if in pain and distress. He listened for a few moments longer and the wail was heard again. He started in the direction of the sound and the nearer he approached, the surer he was that it was a dog suffering intensely. In a few moments he reached a fallen tree that was blown down during a terrible wind and rain-storm a few days before, and under a branch of the tree what should he discover but one of the dogs that had attacked and bit him so savagely a short time before. It was Carso, the Italian dog. He was out in the woods during the storm and ran under the tree for safety, as he thought, but the fierce hurricane blew the tree over, and Carso was struck by a branch, and had two legs broken and he could not walk home for food and water, and to have his master bind up his wounds and broken legs.

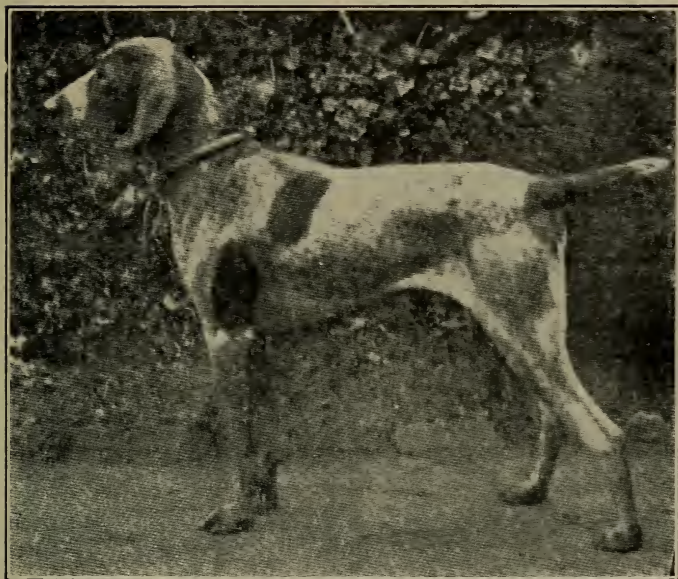
When Bruno came to him he was ashamed, and tried to hide his head under some leaves, for he did not want to be seen by the dog he had treated so cruelly, and was afraid Bruno would take revenge. But Bruno pitied him in his helpless condition, and believed in returning good for evil. He told Carso not to be afraid, as he had no intention of hurting him. He went at once for food and water to relieve his hunger and thirst, for he had been there almost three days without anything to eat. Bruno soon returned with food and gave it to Carso, and then gathered leaves and grass to put under him, so he would lie more comfortable, and covered his broken legs with green leaves to keep the flies off.

When Carso saw how kind Bruno was and how

different he was from other dogs, it touched him deeply, and he grieved and groaned to think how mean he had been to Bruno who had shown him such kindness in such a beautiful way. Bruno nursed Carso until he recovered entirely from his misfortune. Carso went home to his master, and in a few days met some of the other dogs that were with him and helped hurt Bruno so terribly. He told them of his misfortune in having the tree fall upon him, breaking two of his legs, how he could not walk home for food and water, how Bruno found him, wounded and in great pain, without anything to eat or water to drink for days, and how kind Bruno was to him, giving him his food and making a soft bed for him, and looking after him all the time he was there.

A few days later Bruno was passing the house where the bulldog Karl belonged, and saw him lying in a fence corner boozy, only a few feet from a hornet's nest. It seems Karl went into his master's kitchen, where a bucket of beer was sitting on the floor that had been brought in by a servant a few moments before. He lapped enough of it to make him tipsy, and when he heard someone coming, he ran out into a fence corner where the hornets stung him in the eyes, ears, nose and mouth in a most terrible manner. The beer had affected him; he could not drive them off nor get away, couldn't wag his tail nor move his paws. He was in a most unfortunate predicament. Just then, Bruno came along and saw Karl in the grasp of the hornets and not able to drive them off. He picked up a branch, under a cherry tree nearby and brushed the hornets from him, and helped Karl to his feet, and walked by his side until he reached his master's home and bade him good day.

Of course, Karl was very much surprised when he became sober enough to recognize Bruno, and to realize what he had done for him in saving him from being stung to death by the hornets. When he met Carso and told him of Bruno's generosity and great kindness, Carso said, "I am not surprised at the story you tell," and then related what Bruno did for him in his trouble and sorrow, when he was face to face with starvation and death. A few days later it happened that Bruno was in the village with his master, and saw a big dog fighting two small dogs, and almost tearing them to pieces. Bruno ran up to them and found the two small dogs were Reigo and Tivoli, the two little villains that joined the big dogs, that used him so badly a short time before; but Bruno did not mind that at all. He got hold of the big dog and pulled him off, and wouldn't let him harm them any more. Reigo and Tivoli felt mortified to think how kind Bruno was when they had been so cruel to him. They began to apologize and seemed very much ashamed. Bruno said, "Don't mention it, but hereafter, try and be decent, for you will find it best in the long run." When Trogan heard the experiences of the other dogs, he said, "We must show Bruno how we appreciate his fine character and gentle nature. We will go to the place where we tried to kill him and wait for him to pass, and when he arrives at the very spot, we will throw flowers on him and strew them along his path and show him that from this time on we are his devoted followers."



XCV.

ROVER.

Rover is a very common name among dogs, but the Rover of this story was an uncommon dog, even among the best of his kind. He not only was superior in point of intelligence, but had the practical common sense to know how to do the right thing at the right time; besides, he was good all through, always obeyed commands and very promptly.

His master lived some distance from a city on a large plantation. His house was situated in a park not far from the long stretch of woods. Between the park

and woods was an orchard and grain fields. The master was blessed with a little girl about four years old. She was in the habit of going on walks all over the place picking flowers that grew along the hedges. Generally Rover would go with her. One day she started with Rover and went through the orchard and over the fields into the woods beyond. There were so many wild flowers, she gathered an armful and was pleased and happy. She put them down on the ground which was covered with grass, looked at her beautiful flowers, toyed with them, and held them against her cheek, and loved them affectionately, just as any little girl would do with things she loved. She enjoyed them so much, and the sky so clear and blue and the sun so pleasant and warm, she thought it was the most beautiful place she had ever seen, and as it was about the time in the afternoon when she took her daily nap, she fell asleep and slept a long time.

When it was getting dark and she did not return home, her mother and father and everyone at the house became alarmed at her absence, because it was beginning to approach the time when all little girls and boys should be at home, preparing to say their prayers and go to bed. They waited a little longer, then her father and the men on the place took lanterns and started off to find Pearl. They would walk a short distance, stop and call, "Pearl! Pearl!" but no answer came. When they had gone all over the place without finding her, they concluded she must have wandered off into the woods over the hill.

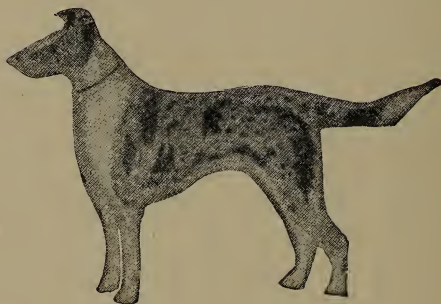
One of the men asked if Rover had been seen at home before they left the house. No one remembered seeing him. Then the father remarked: "If Rover is with Pearl, nothing will happen to her." All walked as fast as they could over the long, steep hill to

the woods. They started in different directions, and every little while, each would stop and call at the top of his voice, "Pearl! Pearl!" After searching the woods for an hour or more, one of them heard what seemed to be the sound of a dog barking. He listened, and the bark was heard again a little louder, and nearer. Then he started towards it and when he reached the place, there was Rover standing by little Pearl, and when Rover saw the man, he jumped nearly two feet high and barked, he was so happy for Pearl's sake, that she was found. Then the man fired off several torpedoes, announcing to the father that his little girl was found. The men all had torpedoes.

Pearl thought she had awakened from her afternoon nap when the man found her. When her father and the men arrived, they were very happy, and all started for home, Pearl with her armful of flowers and Rover wagging his tail and whining, as if he wanted to express his joy. After this experience when Pearl took her afternoon walks and got near the edge of her father's plantation and would look in the direction of the woods on the other side where she once was lost, for a while Rover would take hold of her apron strings and pull her towards home. He didn't want her father and mother made unhappy again, as they were when she lost herself in the woods.

For taking such good care of her when Pearl was twelve years old she had a bright, shiny medal made for Rover, which was fastened to a tan colored leather collar about his neck which he wore as long as he lived, and when he died, she took it off from her true animal friend with her own hands, and kept it as a souvenir of Rover's beautiful character and faithfulness all through life. Pearl had one of the men on her father's place dig a grave for Rover, and then she threw

branches of one of the big cedars that stood in the yard into the bottom, then his body was put in and covered with branches, then filled with earth, and Pearl planted a rose-bush over it to bud and blossom as the seasons come and go. Pearl never saw the rose-bush rising from the mound over the grave of Rover, that she didn't call to mind the days of her childhood, when Rover was her protector and companion.



XCVI.

VEX.

Vex was vexatious whenever he got a chance,
To him it made no difference how many had to dance.

If he hadn't been such an exceedingly cute little dog his master would not have kept him, for he was guilty of a great many annoyances and embarrassments. He was a most contrary little fellow, always doing mischievous things. His master was a lawyer, and one day when he was in court, addressing a jury in the prosecution of a thief who had stolen a man's purse, he said, "If the purse could speak it would condemn the prisoner," when from under the table around which the lawyers were

seated, Vex emerged, and going in front of the jury near the man accused of stealing he barked in a most vigorous manner causing much laughter among all. When the lawyer who defended the prisoner, arose, he said, "The prosecution must be in hard straits when dogs are called in to assist." After this experience his master always looked under the table to see if Vex was there.



XCVII.

BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful was his name, and he lived a beautiful life. With all dogs was most friendly and had never a moment's strife.

Beaut for short, was the name of this dog who did one act, if no other, that entitles him to a niche in the gallery of dog immortality. He was something of a missionary going about and doing good whenever he could to relieve the miserable condition of other dogs, birds or any-

thing else in the animal kingdom that he could help. He had a tender nature for all living creatures. He wouldn't step on an ant. He has been known to stop on the street or in a field where an army of ants were marching and look for a vacant spot to put down his feet or would go out of his way to avoid treading on them.

The particular act which gave him lasting fame, was gathering up a brood of young birds and their nest that had fallen to the ground. The birdies were scattered about. They were too young to walk or fly. When Beaut saw them and their nest turned upside down, he at once put the nest right side up and gathered the birdies, one at a time, and put them in. He would take one in his mouth with its head sticking out so it could breathe. The mother-bird must have been killed or separated in some way from her young, as she was not seen, or was perhaps frightened when she saw Beaut. When the little birds were all in the nest, Beaut began to bark and kept it up until his master was attracted by it. He went to Beaut and saw what he was making such a noise about, and took the nest with the birds home and put them in a cage, so no harm could come to them. When the birds were old enough to fly and look out for themselves, the cage-door was opened, when they fluttered their wings and flew away. Beaut was present and saw them as they were made free. He seemed delighted.

Beaut was one day seen standing over a wounded butterfly. One of its wings was broken. Poor thing! It lay there unable to move, except to flutter its other wing, which it did most violently. No doubt it was frightened at seeing a big dog near it who could crush out its life with the weight of one of its paws. Beaut never hurt anything in his life. He remained by the unfortunate butterfly until his master's little boy came along.

He was a tender-hearted boy like his father, and felt kindly towards all of God's creatures. He lifted the butterfly and touched its remaining wing with his finger and petted it, so it would feel that it was in no danger of being harmed still further. He didn't know just what to do with it in its helpless condition. He thought of a meadow nearby, and decided to take it there and drop it on the grass. He couldn't think of anything that was better. He took it there and started off to do the errand his father had sent him to do. When not seeing Beaut, he looked back, and there was Beaut, sitting on his haunches, watching the butterfly. His little master went back, using every effort, coaxing and scolding to make him leave and follow him, but to no purpose; he wouldn't stir. The only thing he could do to get him home, was to take the butterfly with him. He picked it up and took it home and put it on the lawn in front of the house, where Beaut watched over it while little crippled golden wing lived. What a beautiful act this was, and what a lesson to those who have cruel natures that delight in hurting poor, defenceless creatures. May this story instill into the minds of all who read it the determination to have pity, and show kindness to all of earth's creatures that need assistance and care.

XCVIII.

HOSPITAL FOR DOGS.

In a large town in England, lived a man by the name of Samaria Goldsmith. He was a most unselfish and tender-hearted man. He could not bear the least cruelty towards animals, especially dogs. The sight of an ill-used dog touched him with extreme sensitiveness, if it

was only a common cur. One of his neighbors who knew of his beautiful character said his name ought to be Samaritan. His humane acts reminded him of the story in the Bible, of the man, who on his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho was attacked by highwaymen and almost killed, and robbed and left for dead on the roadside, and how the Levite and priest, when they came along where the man was lying, crossed to the other side, pretending they did not see him. But when the Samaritan came he stopped, poured oil upon his wounds and bound them up, gave him wine to drink and put him on his beast, and took him to an inn, and paid the keeper for taking care of him.

What makes this story and the story of Samaria Goldsmith's life similar? He built a large hospital for sick, wounded and aged dogs—and homeless dogs. When the hospital was finished, he made it known everywhere that it was open for the admission of unfortunates of every description. In a little while the hospital was filled to the limit of its capacity. Each dog when he arrived was required to tell how he met with ill-luck, and a record was made of the circumstances just as related by the dogs, in dog language.

The first dog that was brought to the hospital was a big, sad-looking St. Bernard. His trouble was being hit with a sharp piece of rock by a wicked and cruel man. The dog said he was trotting along in the middle of the street, on his way to a newsstand, to get an evening paper for his master. He was struck on the left shoulder, and the wound was very bad. It disabled him so he could not walk. He managed to crawl to the entrance of an alley, where he lay until the next morning. He could not fetch the paper to his master, who went to the stand for it, and on his return saw his dog helpless and not able to walk. He was not a kind-hearted man and decided to

abandon the dog to the police, who would take him to the pound. But the next morning he was feeling better and able to move, although very slowly. As he was dragging himself along the street, a good-hearted boy saw him, and knowing of Samaria Goldsmith's hospital for dogs, took him there. The name of this splendid boy was Homer Brown. When he first saw poor St. Bernard lame and sore, he patted him on the head and spoke kindly to him, and before they had gone very far, he stopped at a butcher's shop and got a piece of meat for him, as he was faint and weak from loss of blood, having had no food since the day before. When they reached the haven of rest for dogs, Bernard's wound was dressed and he was given food, and treated humanely. He seemed glad to have been hurt, so he could come to such a place, where he met with nothing but kindness, which was never given him by his master or any member of his family.

What boy wouldn't like to have to his credit an act of mercy like the one by Homer Brown? But the opportunities for doing good deeds to dumb creatures are numerous. There is hardly a day when a boy couldn't do a kindness to a dog if he had it in his heart to do so.

The next dog to seek admission to the hospital was a fox terrier who was blind in one eye, having lost one, being hit with a stone by a bad boy. The terrier while relating the story of his ill-treatment, became greatly excited, and was about as mad as a terrier could be. He jumped, barked and cavorted around in the most enraged manner. He knew that the loss of an eye marred his beauty, and, as he was proud of his form, figure and general style, one can imagine how he felt. Mr. Goldsmith did all he could to soothe him by saying the Creator had given all of his creatures two eyes, so if they met

with the loss of one, they could still see and get along. Worse things could happen to a little dog than losing an eye. The terrier was shown his little house and the yard where he could play with the other dogs, and was given food and water, and it was not long before he became reconciled to his affliction, because he was so well cared for by the humane Samaria Goldsmith.

The third ring of the hospital door-bell was by a gentleman who brought an unfortunate Irish setter. He had been run over and one of his legs broken. He could hardly move, but had to get along on three feet. He followed his mistress' carriage. She was making calls. At one place he laid down under the carriage, stretching one leg beyond the wheel and fell asleep. When the carriage started, no one saw him and he did not awake; consequently, he was run over, and the result was a broken leg. No groan came from him, as a full-blooded setter never whines or howls when hurt. Very soon after he was injured, the police saw him, and were about to put him in the patrol wagon to be taken away and killed. When the gentleman who took him to the hospital saw what they were doing, he asked to be allowed to take him to the Goldsmith Hospital, which request was granted. He was high-spirited, as all dogs of his breed are, and it touched the dog's pride to be compelled to accept treatment, food and accommodations from strangers. His broken leg was put in splints and made as comfortable as it could be. After some days, the gentleman who took him there, called to see how he was getting along. The dog recognized him, and did many things to show that he appreciated his kindness in bringing him to such a beautiful home for unfortunate dogs.

XCIX.

WAMPY, WAMPY!

The chief characteristic of Wampy was his mischievous disposition.

He was never happy unless he was playing tricks of some kind on other dogs. Some of his tricks were very cruel when paying for rough treatment he had received. Wampy was a dog with an excellent memory. He would spend hours and days in thinking up a plan or scheme by which he could give his enemies some great surprise. His great misfortune was, he could not run fast, and when any dog wanted to catch him, he had no trouble to do it.

One day three dogs who belonged to his master's nearest neighbor were in a field chasing rabbits, and didn't come home promptly to dinner. As Wampy was passing the dog-house, he noticed their dinner of meat, bones and milk, and he decided that it would be a smart thing to hide their food. So he carried the milk, meat and bones over to his house and strolled into the fields to see if the dogs were in sight. But they were not there, they were hunting their food. During the search they passed Wampy's house, poked their noses in, and what should they see, but their food. This was too much for them to bear without punishing Wampy as he deserved. They agreed to call a meeting of all the dogs in the neighborhood, and tell them of Wampy's latest crime and decide upon the punishment to be given him.

After a full discussion of the subject, they unanimously agreed to gather on a certain night and watch for him at a place he usually visited. They went by dif-

ferent paths to the place selected, and very quietly not to arouse his suspicions, and arrived at the spot without having to wait long before they saw Wampy coming up the hill with something in his mouth. They could not tell what it was—thought it might be a bone he was gnawing, which they intended to take from him. There were twenty-five dogs of many kinds, some were large and some small, but all were eager to jump on him, scratch and bite wherever they could get hold of him. As soon as they met, the leader gave the signal to pounce upon him, when Wampy lighted a box of matches, the thing he carried in his mouth, and threw them at the dogs, setting all their tails on fire. This created the greatest excitement and consternation among them, and when their tails began to burn, they jumped into the air and rolled on the ground, howled and then all barking and making a most fearful noise, they started down the hill, zip! hurrah! for the village. They looked like a flying torchlight procession.

All the people in the village were startled at the noise, and when they opened their doors and saw the blazing tails coming down the hill towards their houses, they were wild with fear, that they might all be burned to death. Everyone ran for a bucket of water to throw on the dogs to put out the fire. Near the village was a lake and some of the dogs ran into it and put their tails under the water, but most of the dogs were minus their tails—at least, all of the hair had been burned off—giving them a very bad appearance and marking them for life. Well, Wampy's master concluded that he was a dangerous dog to own. Some of the burning dogs might have run under houses and set them on fire, and all the family burned to death and the things in the house been destroyed. So he sent word all about that he wanted to

sell Wampy. In a few days a man from a distance heard of some of Wampy's tricks and thought they were very cute, and bought and took him away to his own house. Wampy became acquainted with his new surroundings. In a short time he took a look at the dogs about there, and made up his mind to have a little sport at their expense. The first time he took a stroll down the street from his master's home, he fastened an American flag about his neck and looked quite soldier-like. He walked in a very slow and deliberate way, and attracted a great deal of attention from other dogs. He noticed that they were putting their heads together and hobnobbing in a quizzical sort of way, wondering what kind of a chap he was and where he hailed from. Wampy returned to his new home, and thought he would make the acquaintance of some of the dogs and get their confidence before beginning his tricks. He was a very fascinating dog in many ways, and it was not difficult for him to make a favorable impression on new acquaintances. His manner of approaching dogs was extremely pleasant, and most any dog would be charmed with him.

Wampy's new home was situated near a small river, and noticing a long board about two feet wide lying near the bank, he thought to himself that it could give him a little amusement if a number of dogs were coaxed on, and he would push it out from the bank into the stream and then turn it over and spill them into the water. So he mentioned to some of the dogs that it would be very nice to get on the board and have a sail. By a great deal of coaxing and persuasion, he got a number of dogs to get on and then pushed the boat out and presently it was in the middle of the river gliding down the stream. When the dogs thought they were having a beautiful time, Wampy got on one side of the

board and pretended he was falling overboard and turned it completely over, throwing every dog into the water. They all started for the shore paddling for life, until they reached land, all believing it was an accident. Only Wampy knew how it happened and he didn't tell.



C.

OLEANDER, THE FLOWER DOG.

Close by the Palais Royal and near the Champs Elysées, Wandered the flower sellers Oleander and Therese.

In one of the suburbs of Paris lived a family consisting of father, mother and a little girl named Theresa. When Theresa was eleven years old, the father died. As

they had little money, and the mother was sick a great deal of the time, it was a problem with them, what to do when the money they had was gone. A few days after her father's death, Theresa and her mother were talking about their almost helpless condition, and what to do to make their living. They had a pretty place, a garden with many flowers. They all took pleasure in cultivating flowers. The little girl's mind was full of thoughts of one kind and another. She wished she had a brother to look out for them, or wished they were rich like some of their neighbors, so they wouldn't have to trouble themselves as to where the money was to come from to buy things with. Then all at once, the idea came to her, as they had so many flowers, she could gather them and make little bouquets and carry them to the city and sell to anybody that would buy.

The next morning early she went to the garden and picked flowers enough to make twenty bouquets to sell at fifty centimes (10 cents) each. She started to the city and went to a prominent corner, where a great many people passed, and before 12 o'clock she had sold all of them. How happy she was to think she could help her mother so want would be kept from the door. Theresa did not go to Paris alone, but was accompanied by a big dog they had by the name of Oleander. It's a queer name for a dog, but when he was very small he always laid down under an oleander bush that stood on the eastern side of the house, where the first glimmering rays of the morning sun greeted it and so got his name. At the time when Theresa began selling flowers Oleander was two years old and big enough to take care of his eleven-year-old mistress. He was always with her standing at her side. When Theresa had been selling flowers for seven months she was run down by a bicycle, largely through carelessness of her own. The man

rang his bell and supposed she would move out of his way, but she did not. The accident resulted in breaking her right ankle. It was many months before she could resume her business of selling flowers; besides she suffered a great deal of pain and had the doctor to pay. But Theresa was very bright, and by the time she was made comfortable by the doctor putting her ankle in splints, she told her mother that a very happy thought had come to her. She was going to send Oleander with flowers to the city and attach a card with the price, 50 centimes, marked on it, to a little box on the basket. He knew where to go to sell flowers, as he had gone with her every day, and "when my customers hear that I have a broken ankle and cannot go to the city, they will buy from Oleander just the same. When a lady or gentleman purchased a bunch of flowers of me, he would give a little soft bark that meant thank you."

Oleander was taken into the house, where his young mistress lay in bed. The mother made it known to him that Theresa could not take the flowers to the city, and she wished him to do it. The basket was fastened to his neck and he was off. It seemed many people who were in the habit of buying flowers from Theresa read in the morning papers that the little flower girl had been run over by a bicycle and received a severe hurt. When the people passed the corner and saw Oleander standing there with a basket of bouquets for sale they bought him out in a very short time, and when the last one was taken he started for home as fast as his legs would carry him. He was very proud of his work. Theresa patted him for a long time and gave him food and showed him in every way how glad she was that he could take her place in carrying the flowers to the city and bringing the money.



CL.

STORY OF TOWSER AND LITTLE FRANCES.

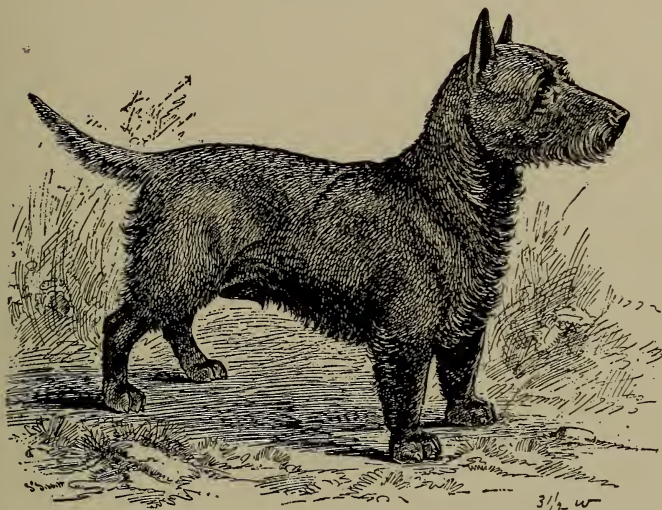
Towser was a big, clumsy dog and very awkward, but had lots of good sense, and knew more than any other dog in the region where he lived. Most anything could be taught him. He was the pet of Frances, a beautiful girl about eight years old, who began teaching him a great many things when she was only seven. Frances was very fond of flowers and so was Towser. In the grounds about her father's house were flowers of many kinds. Those she liked best were the rose, tulip, lily, violet, jessamine, lilac, hyacinth, poppy and daisy. Frances decided to teach Towser the names of the different flowers, and the

way she did, was to take Towser to the flower beds, and breaking off a flower tell him the name of it repeating it several times. Then going to her seat under a silver maple tree, and calling him she would tell him the name of the flower she had in her hand, and pointing to where the flowers were, put the stem in her mouth and break it off. Towser acted as if he understood Frances' wishes, and ran to the flower beds and broke off one of the flowers and brought it to her. She patted him on the head, which meant that he had done what he was told to do in a very satisfactory manner. Towser was so very fond of the flowers, that he frequently walked about the flower beds, and if he saw a fly or insect of any kind on a bud or flower, he would touch it with his nose and make it go away. One day he saw a bee on a rose, and he went to the bush and touched the bee with his nose, when the bee gave him a sting that caused his nose to swell and hurt most severely. He never forgot the bee and the sting, and ever afterwards kept clear of the rose-bush.

One day Frances took up a sheet of paper that had an illustration of a rose and pointing towards the flowers told him to get a rose for her. He didn't want to go and Frances could not understand why he refused to get the rose. So she took him to the bush and saw a bee sucking honey from it. Towser looked at the bee and shook his head. Then Frances understood. When she saw his swollen nose, she felt sorry, and bathed it with witch hazel to reduce the inflammation and pain. He was very grateful for Frances' thoughtfulness in relieving his suffering.

One of the loveliest things Towser was taught to do was to run into the house when it began to rain, for Frances' umbrella and bring it to her. He would also go into the house for her hat if she left the house without it, and

when Frances gathered pears or apples, Towser would carry the basket for her and never refused to do anything he was bidden to do.



CII.

SNIP.

Snip was the name of a little dog that came to live with Watch, after he grew up to be very large. Watch liked Snip from the first time he saw him, because little Snippy was so nice and well bred. It was only once in a while that Watch had to correct him, and seldom had to correct him twice for the same offense. Snip was given the little mat Watch used to lie on when he was young, and before he became so large. When Watch saw it again he played with it just as a little girl would play with a doll or toy. He would rub little Snip's face and nose

on it and talk with him in dog language, and, no doubt told him that it was his mat when he was small, and how many happy days and weeks he had stretched himself upon it in the warm sunlight, and how he enjoyed watching the moon rise and light up the heavens at night, so he could look down the lane and see if any tramps were coming towards the house or stable, or in the garden to steal berries, or to the orchard to take apples or pears.

When Snip was a little more than a year old, Watch had taught him a great many things. One was to sleep with one eye open, so he could see what was going on about the house, and when he noticed anything that did not look right, he would bark and arouse the man who was in charge, and he always got up and looked about to see what was the matter. Snip would run towards the object he was barking at, so there was no trouble to find what he made the noise for. One of the things he learned to do very quickly, was to go after the cows at night if they did not come home promptly to be milked. A bell was tied about the neck of one of the cows which would dingle every time she moved. This kept the cows together; they would not separate far enough to be beyond hearing the bell, and it helped Snip and Watch to find them. When Watch and Snip were told to go after the cows, someone would ring a bell just like the one on the cow and point in the direction of the forest through which they passed, on their way to the meadows and lake where they got grass and water. When the cows did not start for home right away, Snip would bark at them and run up behind the one that had the bell and give her a little bite on the ankle; this always made her start off at a brisk walk.

Snip was also a hunting dog. When Jerold went to shoot squirrels for dinner one day, he took Snip with him just

for company. After reaching the woods, he ran away from Jerold and in a few moments he was barking up a tree. Jerold went to see what Snip was making the noise about. Looking up he saw a squirrel on a branch; he fired and down came the squirrel. Snip ran and picked it up and brought it to his master, then he started off to find another squirrel, which he did very soon. Ever afterwards he was taken on all hunting excursions. When Snip barked up a tree, there was sure to be a squirrel, but sometimes a tree had a hole which the squirrel would enter and couldn't be seen. One day Snip chased one up such a tree, and as the squirrel could not be seen, his master started to go away and called Snip to leave the tree, but he would not, and kept barking and running up the trunk of the tree as far as he could. He knew the squirrel was there but did not know about the hole where it had hidden itself. He couldn't understand why his master did not shoot the squirrel. One day a tree was cut down that had a hole in it where squirrels could hide and it was shown to Snip. He then understood why his master would leave trees which squirrels had run up. Snip had another superior trait. He would never bark unless there was something to bark over. There are dogs that bark at the moon millions of miles distant, or at other objects that could not in any way hurt them. They often disturb a whole neighborhood at night when people want to sleep, and if there are sick people they often get worse, for sick people cannot bear noises of any kind, not even if made by boys or girls.

It's a good plan to teach little puppies to be very quiet, and when they grow up, they will have been taught good manners and habits which will make it easy for them to always behave in a proper way.



CIII.

BRIGHT MOON.

An Arizona dog by the name of Bright Moon, was famous in all the country about where his master lived and hunted, for many traits that would have done credit to a dog brought up in the most civilized portions of the United States. He went with his master on long hunting trips and rendered great services in many ways. Sometimes the hunters would wound a deer and check his speed, then Bright Moon would overtake it and often have a severe fight before overcoming the deer. When he conquered, his barking could be heard for miles. It made him very happy, for it meant food for his master and squaw and little pappoose, and for himself as well. He was very fond of the little pappoose. He was often left to watch over it while the father was away and the mother gone after water. One time they were on a long

journey up the side of a high mountain, and little pappoose was too heavy to be carried by the mother, so they tied it on Bright Moon's back and led him along. He didn't seem to mind it at all, but he could not understand why they put a rope around his neck and led him. This was done so he could not run through brush and hurt little pappoose, which he might have done, had he come across game of any kind.

When pappoose grew up, she became very fond of Bright Moon. He would stay near her when she strayed away from the wigwam or in her rambles over the hills in search of berries or perhaps to meet her father. Another of Bright Moon's accomplishments was gathering leaves and sprigs for a fire. He would run about and gather all he could, and when the fire was lighted, he would jump and bark to show his gladness and joy. There were two bronco horses belonging to his master. One was a vicious animal, while the other was very gentle and affectionate. One day they were being fed dry grass which was tied in bundles. Bright Moon was taught to carry hay to the horses. He carried a bundle to the gentle horse, putting it down in front of him, but when he took a bundle to the other horse, the vicious animal kicked him, hurting him badly. After that Bright Moon was made to take grass to the gentle horse only. He would go under him and rub against his legs without fear, because he was good-natured and kind.

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